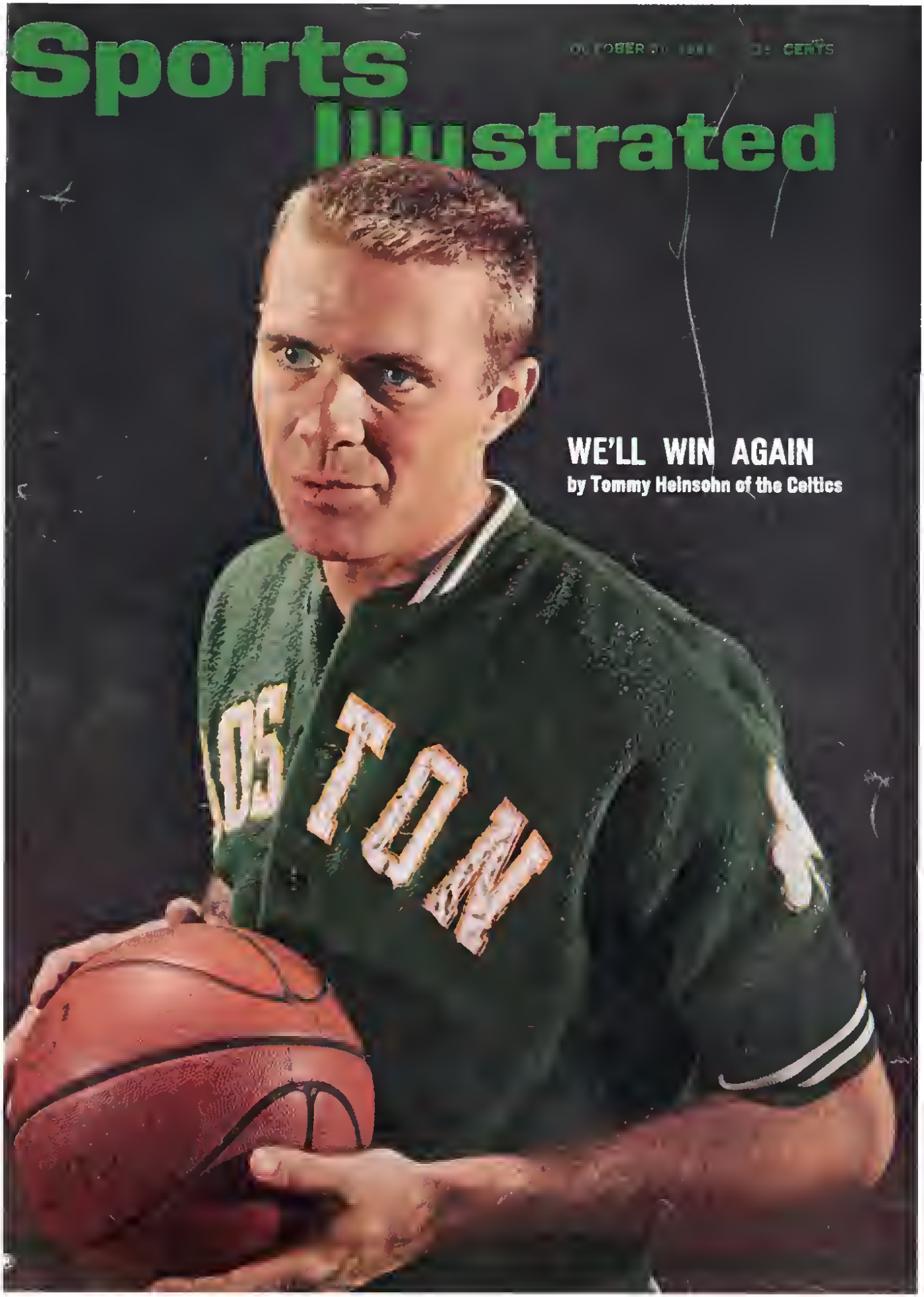

Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 31, 1955
35 CENTS
WE'LL WIN AGAIN
by Tommy Heinsohn of the Celtics

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Who would settle for an ordinary windproof when he can get a whole new invention?

RONSON Varaflame Windlite

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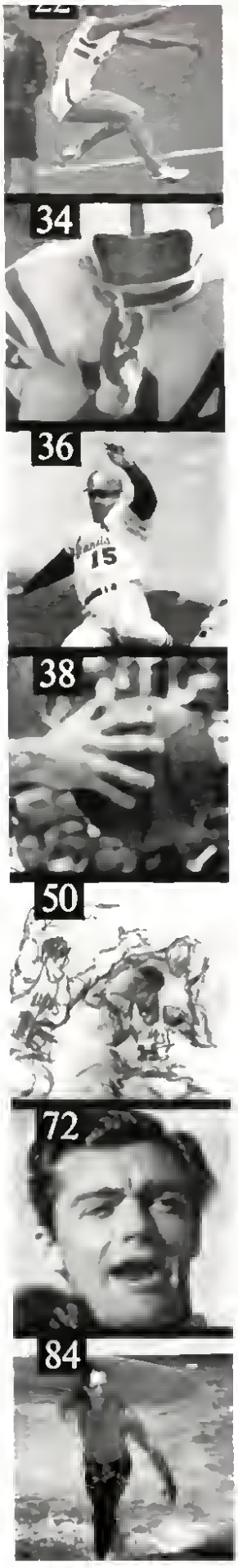
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Next week

THE FIGHTING IRISH of Notre Dame, who won only two games in 1963, are undefeated this year under new coach Ara Parseghian. Dan Jenkins analyzes the revival of an old football power.

THE MYSTERIES of Sonny Liston—his whereabouts, the condition of his shoulder, his training—are probed by Mark Kram in a karate parlor and on the top of a mountain near Denver.

THE GOLDEN DOOR is a beauty resort dedicated to refurbishing mind and body. What it can do in a week of diet, herb wraps and yoga is described by refurbished Barbara La Fontaine.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The energetic sketches of Frank Mullins, analyzing the 1964 pro basketball outlook in this issue (*page 50*), were drawn during recent games as the artist followed the teams on a 7,000-mile trip around the country. Usually the images were formed in split-second glimpses while the teams were in action; sometimes there was time for a penciled note or a memory-refreshing photograph during those restless, catlike pauses that occasionally interrupt the otherwise ceaseless turbulence of basketball.

When Mullins and Jerry Tax, the basketball editor of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, went over the sketches they talked about the coming season with a confidence rarely encountered in sport. They were like two drama critics fresh from the out-of-town tryout of a show that is certain to become a hit. "Part of the interest in this game comes from the fact that the spectator is in the middle of it," Tax says. "More than football,



BASKETBALL EDITOR JERRY TAX

or baseball, or horse racing, the detailed action is directly before him. He can see the facial expressions and the attitudes of players only 20 or 30 feet from him on the court; he is right on top of them."

It used to be said that nobody liked basketball except 20 million players and fans. Many sportswriters avoided it, and artists were unaware of its explosive movement and color. For nearly 10 years now Jerry Tax has been tirelessly demonstrating in this magazine the subtlety and human drama that are to be found in the game if it is approached in terms of its enormous technical complexity. We think he has proved his point, though pro basketball, at least in intellectual circles, has yet to acquire the "in" status of pro football.

Tax developed his basketball interest first, his intellectual interests later. Born in Easthampton, Mass., he grew up in Brooklyn, in a music-loving family where he was an aspiring violinist and a scrambling substitute on the basketball team of the Jinx Athletic Club of Borough Park. He graduated from high school at 15 and attended the University of Maryland, where he managed to find an assortment of odd jobs, including one of writing local items for the *Washington Herald*, to help meet Depression-years expenses. Tax later worked for the *Herald* in Washington and served as a radio operator with the infantry in Europe during the war.

His first contribution to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED was a remarkable essay on time margins in key baseball plays, an essay that demonstrated his gift for making the technical aspects of a sport interesting—even exciting—as if an arithmetic lesson could be turned into a close play at first. There was little precedence for Tax's contributions to basketball literature. Until he began writing about basketball for us, the sport had been handled almost exclusively on a regional basis, as if what happened in the Rocky Mountains had no relation at all to what was going on in the Southeast or in the Ivy League. Tax felt that basketball was a national game —in some ways the most national game —and he chose to report it as such.

Apart from his restless interest in the technical side of all sports, the basketball editor is absorbed in nothing more turbulent than music, where his taste runs to extreme traditionalism. His wife plays the piano, and so do their three daughters. All three daughters also play the guitar, one plays the flute, and one the clarinet. In the evenings the Tax household reverberates with domestic harmony, classical school.

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BOOKTALK

A painter and a naturalist collaborate on a giant survey of the world's birds

The yellow-bellied sapsucker girdles apple trees and drinks the sap. According to the *Audubon Bird Guide* it says "keeyew." Hausman's *Field Book of Eastern Birds*, however, contends that the sapsucker says "wicker, wicker." But in a ponderous two-volume classic published many years ago, *Birds of New York*, Elon Howard Eaton said positively that what the yellow-bellied really said was "yucker, yucker, yucker." Eaton's books were financed by an appropriation from the state legislature and illustrated with magnificent paintings by Louis Fuertes. "As the spring advances and the weather becomes warm," Eaton reported, "the sap often begins to ferment. I suspect this is the reason the sapsucker is so often found stupefied. I have seen one alighting on the clothing of a bird student and climb up his arm without seeming to realize he was a man instead of a tree."

That was a fairly characteristic passage in ornithological literature when Roger Tory Peterson began to paint birds and to write about them. His first work was *A Field Guide to the Birds, Giving Field Marks of All Species Found in Eastern North America*. Of the yellow-bellied sapsucker it read tersely: "Best identified in all plumages by the *longitudinal white patch* on the black wing. It is our only Woodpecker with a red *forehead* patch." That was about all. Most of the 300-odd birds received the same spare treatment—no anecdotes about walks in the woods, no purple prose about the beauty of birdsongs—and as a result the *Field Guide* sold more than half a million copies and launched the current popularity of bird watching in the U.S.

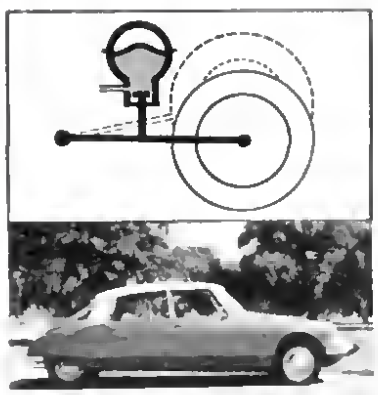
With James Fisher, an English naturalist, Roger Tory Peterson has now published *The World of Birds* (Doubleday, $22.95), a massive work attempting nothing less than a survey of the 8,580 species found on the planet. It opens with an account of the variety of birds on the earth and includes 96 pages of colored maps showing where you can find puffbirds, hornbills, grouse, kingfishers, thick-knees, cormorants, turkeys, kagus (only in New Caledonia) or any other bird you want. There are about a hundred billion birds, and they are found everywhere except on Easter Island. Colombia has the greatest variety (1,700 species), compared to 775 species in the U.S. and Canada, or 1,040 for the Congo.

Birds can count. If a number of marks are flashed on a screen, shown too briefly to be counted, men can distinguish four or five marks, but ravens can distinguish up to seven. The smallest bird, a Cuban humming-

continued

André François





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bird, weighs 1 18 ounce. It is considerably smaller than an ostrich's eye. In fact, if all the birds of this species were captured, they would weigh less than one ostrich. The oldest living bird is an owl, aged 68 years.

Despite a wealth of bird lore, *The World of Birds* may be disappointing to amateur bird lovers: the tremendous scope of the work limits each individual section to the point where little more than the essentials can be covered. Anyone interested in bird migrations, for example, would probably want to know more than is contained in the 11 pages that Peterson and Fisher devote to its mysteries. Yet the most familiar of the encyclopedic facts in *The World of Birds* are surrounded with surprising items, and the spectacular Peterson paintings (there are 700) add so much color that the effect is often astonishing. It is like finding an encyclopedia festooned with Christmas decorations.

Roger Tory Peterson became interested in birds in 1919, when he was an 11-year-old seventh-grader in Jamestown, N.Y. At 17 he took a bus to New York City to attend an ornithological convention, taking his paintings of a hummingbird and a kingbird. These caught the eye of Louis Fuertes, and Peterson was soon a member of the staff of the Audubon Society. He worked as a furniture painter and a teacher while he acquired the skill that went into *A Field Guide to the Birds*.

That work revealed his genius for colorful simplification, an ability to concentrate on the essentials needed for identification. An ornithological statesman, he avoided the pedantic disputes that made much bird literature unreadable. Not for him the conflicts on such questions as whether the yellow-bellied sapsucker said "wicker, wicker" or "yucker, yucker." In the introduction to *A Field Guide* he wrote: "Song description . . . is dispensed with." Later he brought out an album of phonograph records to accompany his handbooks (*A Field Guide to Bird Songs*, Houghton Mifflin, $10.50), and in this it is possible to set the needle on band six, side two, and hear a sapsucker, drunk or sober, making some sort of eerie sound that does not resemble either a wicker or a yucker.

Peterson's critics sometimes complained that in eliminating so much excess literary baggage he also eliminated much of the quaintness, the humor, the color and the charm of ornithological literature. This may be true, but he was interested in getting his readers out into the woods, not in entertaining them by the fireside, and his very limitations as a man of letters made him an ideal guide. He is as good a guide in *The World of Birds* as he was in *A Field Book to the Birds*. The difference is that this time he is leading the way into a much bigger wilderness.

—ROBERT CANTWELL



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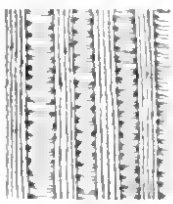
SHOPWALK

The patterns of the newest socks are bright with many-splendored shocks

Crazylegs Hirsch earned his name two decades ago by dazzling football fans with his improbable moves in enemy territory. This fall, crazy legs are back again—but on girls. Gaily patterned stockings are decorating trim ankles and young women's preference seems to be "the wilder the better." Moreover, women who spend long hours outdoors in active and spectator sport have found a way to brave bitter weather without sacrificing style.

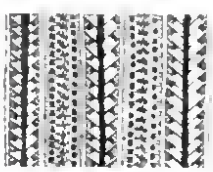
Patterned stockings are not innovations—they have been worn from the Gay Nineties to the Roaring Twenties and from the Folies-Bergere to the Scottish moors. This time they may be here to stay. In France at the Dior Boutique, wool-jersey striped stockings are matched to sweaters while the Italians use hand-knitted stockings as accessories to tweed suits. Once-conservative English girls are now wearing lace hose or Beatle- and guitar-patterned stockings made by England's Ballito Mills. In America more than 200 hosiery mills are busily replacing the knitting needle with fancy looms that produce stockings in intricate designs such as Argyle, patchwork, herringbone, houndstooth, diamond, cable links and stripes.

For zero temperatures Beautiful Bryans have made insulated Thermotards. The fabric was developed in 1951 by Gehring Textiles, Inc. and the U.S. Navy. Cotton was woven with tiny pockets to trap body heat on the inside and repel cold air from the outside. While the Navy still uses thermal fabric in white only, civilians have a choice of nine colors. Thermotards are styled after dancers' tights and include stretch nylon for smoother fit. They cost $5.



HUNTING STITCH

The Adler hosiery firm in Cincinnati has been making sport socks for men since 1865. This year they fed their men's hunting-sock knitting machines with soft mohair and Orlon instead of heavy wool, producing a fluffy, ribbed women's knee sock with the look of a hand-knit wool. It comes in six colors and costs $3.



SCANDIA

Another Adler stitch is named Scandia.

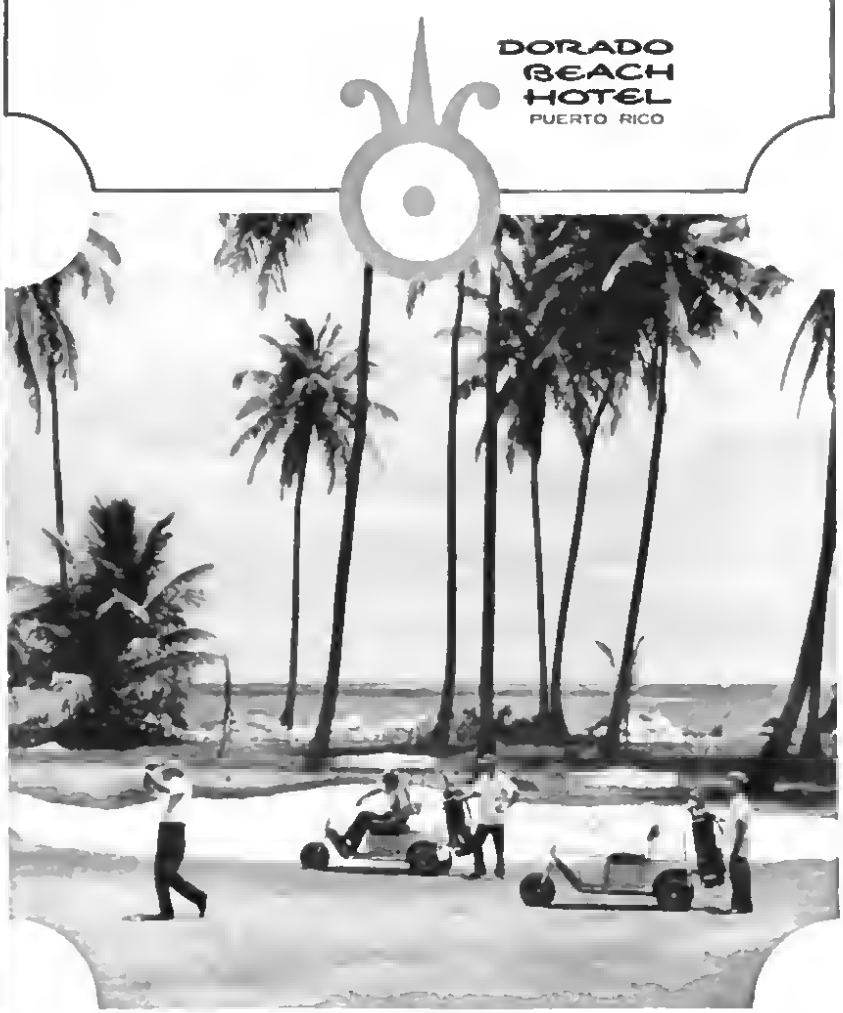
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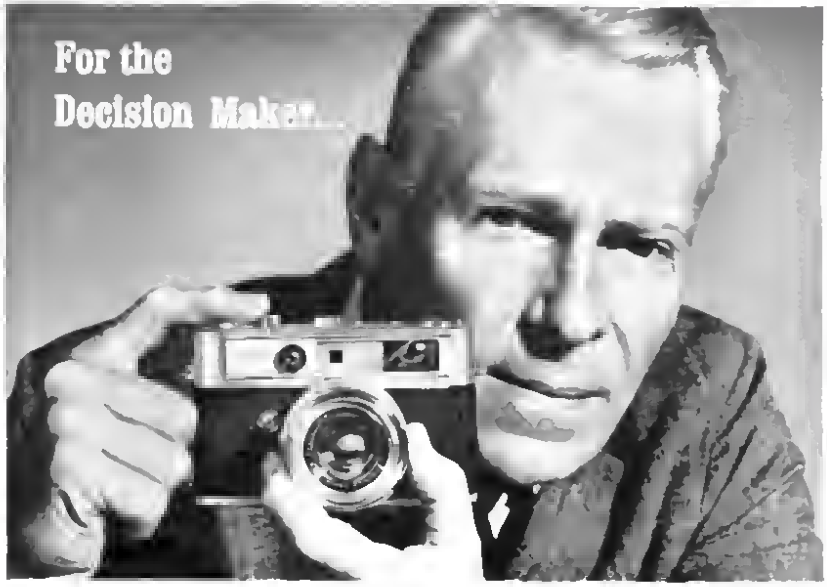
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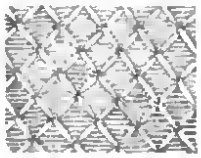
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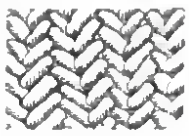
"Brewed and bottled in Canada"

The pattern from which it was developed is Norwegian and is in wide use there as a decorative device. Made in knee length, they are available in beige and black as well as sky-blue, chocolate brown, bottle green, fiery red and an orange-gold color called Tabasco. The socks cost $2.



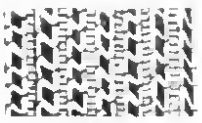
IRISH KNIT

On a trip to Ireland last year to study Erin Isle knitting patterns, Adler's designer Denis Davis found exactly what he was looking for. He made the acquaintance of an 84-year-old Galway woman who had on handmade unbleached wool stockings. He eventually purchased the stockings, and they are now being produced on looms in the same oatmeal color. Made of 75% wool and 25% stretch nylon, they retail for $5.



IRISH HAND-KNIT

Bonnie Doon's Irish stockings are hand-knitted on the western coast of Ireland by local fishermen's wives. Made of heavy-ply unbleached wool, they are practical and warm and can be worn with knickers for skiing or hunting and with sweater and skirt for ordinary outdoor activities ($25).



HOUNDSTOOTH

For those who prefer the houndstooth checks on their legs there are full-length Orlon and Lycra stretch (one size) houndstooth patterned stockings that come in black mixed with gold, ivory, red or blue. They are made by Bonnie Doon ($3).

The woolly knee-high sock attached to its own six eyelet, tie bicycle shoe ($5) is a favorite stocking on college campuses this fall. Some forward-looking hosiery designers predict that the day is not far off when everyone will buy his (or her) socks with leather soles or attached to shoes. Today's stockinged shoes are available in five sizes as well as six-color combinations: black with white calf shoes, white with black, and navy with red shoes, camel with fawn, charcoal with black, and olive with loden. The modish shoe-sock combination costs $5 and is manufactured by Adler.



—JULE CAMPBELL



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515



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512



505



183 (Reg. L.P. only)



400 (Reg. L.P. only)



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427



453

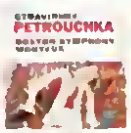


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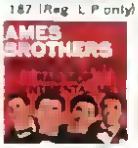
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123 (Reg. L.P. only)



249



250



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281



428



361



510



362



365



502



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372



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490



457



392



420



500



433



304

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417 (Reg. L.P. only)

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337

125

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246

215

449

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204

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102

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296

94

227

508

5

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—J. R. DAY, PHOENIX, ARIZ.

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—CLARENCE & ARLENE BLOOD, EAST PEPPERILL, MASS.

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1



509



254



148 (Reg. LP only)



489


301



482



516



486



374 (E)



471



493



383



467



370



363



243


465



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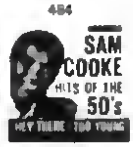


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487


294



261

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Q. What are Club prices?

A. They are usually $3.98 for popular or country & western records, $4.98 for classical. Add $1 extra for stereo.

Q. Do I get any records free?

A. Yes. As soon as you buy 5 RCA Victor records at Club prices, you begin to earn dividend records — 1 record of your choice FREE for every 2 you buy! In effect, for each dollar's worth of records you buy, you get 50¢ worth of records FREE!

Q. What kind of records do I get?

A. The best. You get the recording excellence of RCA Victor—the most trusted name in sound—and world-famous RCA Victor artists and performances. You have more than 900 records to choose from, the very cream of the fabulous RCA Victor catalog!

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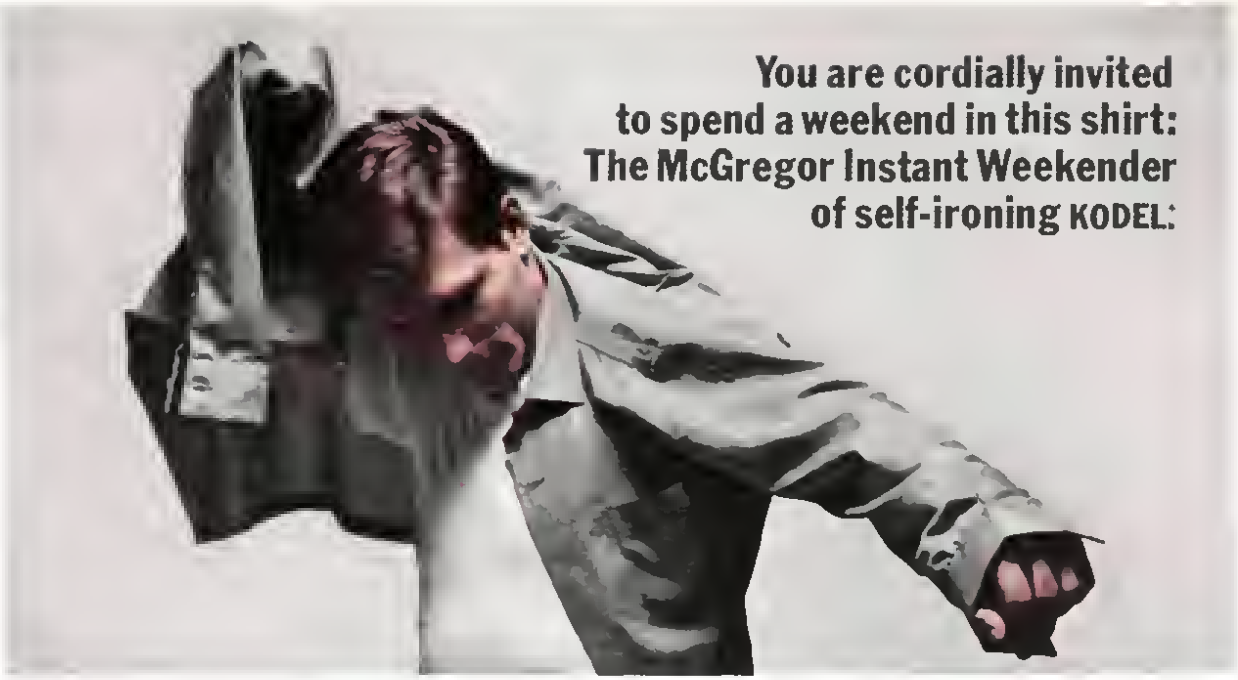


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SCORECARD

CACKLE

About the only character who has not moved in the National and American baseball league's postseason game of musical chairs is 82-year-old Branch Rickey, genius of the St. Louis Cardinals, who started the jukebox on which the slightly discordant music of the game is being played. As early as last August 10, in a memorandum to Owner Gussie Busch, Rickey gave up hope on the team for 1964, according to Bob Broeg, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* sports editor. That was three days before General Manager Bing Devine was fired. It was Devine, of course, who put together the team that won the pennant and Series.

Among other moves, Rickey suggested to Busch that Pitcher Barney Schultz, just up from the minors, be sent back. In the last two months of the season Schultz saved 11 games and won one. And, wrote Rickey, "I don't believe we can win the pennant in 1965 with [Mike] Shannon as a regular player. . . ." In the Series, Shannon scored six runs, made six hits and fielded 1.000.

That egg on Gussie's face may have been thrown by Manager Johnny Keane when he resigned, but it was Rickey who laid it.

NORSE OF STILL ANOTHER COLOR

One white foot, ride him for your life.
Two white feet, give him to your wife.
Three white feet, send him far away.
Four white feet, keep him not a day.
—UNKNOWN

For generations horsemen have intoned versions of this doggerel, composed around the superstition that white-footed Thoroughbreds do not make top racehorses. (Among those who *have* are Whisk Broom II, Pennant and Grey Lag.) Some say that white feet indicate a thinner lining to the foot, therefore weakness.

There was a similar superstition about gray horses.

"An old wives' tale," said Trainer Bill Winfrey last Saturday, and he should know, for it was Winfrey who helped to scotch it by training the great gray champion Native Dancer to world recognition. Winfrey had just proved at Aqueduct that top racers come in all sizes and shapes, in all colors, and with feet of black, brown or white. He had sent out Mrs. Henry C. Phipps's white-footed (all four) Bold Lad to win the $176,825 Champagne Stakes by seven lengths and wrap up the championship of the 2-year-old colt division. The son of the champion Bold Ruler, running his 10th and last race of the season, won his eighth race and his sixth consecutive stakes.

Winfrey and Mrs. Phipps have wisely decided that 10 starts make a season. Bold Lad, skipping such rich pots as the Arlington-Washington Futurity, The Garden State and the Pimlico Futurity, has won $387,471. Now he goes into brief retirement before going to Hialeah and a date in the Flamingo on his way to the 1965 Kentucky Derby. Nobody knows yet whether a son of Bold Ruler can win the Derby at a distance of a mile and a quarter. If Trainer Winfrey can pull off this one (he just missed with the gray Native Dancer) they might consider changing that verse to: "Four white feet, run him Derby Day."

ALL MANNER, NO BEOSIDE

What do doctors take for pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia? They take a prescription blank and prescribe themselves a rest and a change of scenery, that's what. They do, that is, if they're like Dr. Yesid Trebert, the only physician accompanying the Colombian Olympic team to Tokyo. The Colombian contingent includes no women, and Dr. Trebert is a gynecologist.

A QUESTION OF RELATIVITY

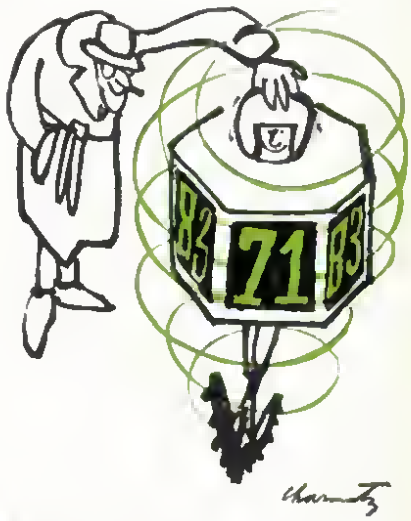
A year from now, when the New York World's Fair closes for good and not just for the winter, Westinghouse Time Capsule II will be buried alongside Westinghouse Time Capsule I, which was a feature of the New York World's Fair of 1939–40. Both will be opened in the year 6939, if anyone is around then who remembers. The idea is to tell the folks of the 70th century what it was like in the good old days. Among things they will be told are matters having to do with sport and recreation.

They will be told, for instance, about the rise of Russia in Olympic Games competition, since it was the first time a nation successfully concentrated on such a goal as a matter of national policy; about the conquest of Mt. Everest; about the spreading popularity of basketball around the world, about the four-minute mile and the seven-foot high jump; about the rise in popularity of professional football in the U.S.; and about skin diving and sky diving.

All very sound, sociologically and archeologically, no doubt, but it neglects the significance of the asterisk that Roger Maris wears around his neck.

THE NUMBERS GAME

College football rules suggest that centers wear numbers in the 50s, guards in the 60s, tackles in the 70s, ends in the 80s and so on, but they do not command it. They are, in fact, rather vague about the whole business of the identifying numbers. Thus it would seem that Coach Louis B. Juillerat of Northwood Institute, a junior college in Midland, Mich., has been technically law-abiding this season. On occasion he has had a player line up at end with No. 83 on his back, indicating that he is an end, and No. 71 on his chest, indicating that he is a tackle. It has led to no little confusion among opponents defending against forward passes.



The week before its team was to play Northwood, Ohio Northern University informed game officials that it might well be tried again. It was not, how-

continued



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Brunswick
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ever. The officials advised Coach Juillerat that if he tried the ploy they would apply the rule against unsportsmanlike conduct, which would mean a 15-yard penalty every time No. 83–71 played.

It was all a mistake on the part of the manufacturer who made the jerseys, Coach Juillerat explained. A small school, Northwood had only just enough jerseys to go around. No. 83–71 was given No. 48, indicating he was a back, and everyone was satisfied.

SIGN HERE, PLEASE

Two North Carolinians, Sam Sweeny of New Bern and Jack White of Fayetteville, went surf fishing last October. In two days they landed only 10 hogfish. The reason was obvious: working so close to the beach that surf fishermen could have cast a line over them were seven commercial trawlers using deadly efficient purse seines. The sloughs along the beach, havens for fish, were being emptied as if by a vacuum cleaner.

It was all quite legal. Other Atlantic Seaboard states protect these areas from exploitation by trawlers, but not North Carolina. Maryland prohibits all trawling in its waters. Florida prohibits trawling for food fish. Delaware and New Jersey forbid trawling within the three-mile limit at any time; Virginia prohibits it during June, July and August. A 1962 study of North Carolina's so-called "trash fishery," which produces fish meal, fish oil and cat food, showed that 80.2% of supposedly trash fish by weight were undersized food fish species.

Perhaps this will not be the case for long. Irate Sweeny and indignant White, both retired, have declared war on the state's commercial fishing interests. They have produced a thoughtful, well-documented, 45-page indictment of the situation. They are, furthermore, using another hobby, ham radio, to alert and enlist other fishermen. Dozens of anglers throughout the state are circulating petitions asking the next General Assembly to give the state's thousands of fishermen relief from regulations heavily weighted in favor of a small commercial fishing industry.

Consider this a petition, too.

BIKEOLOGY 1 AT YALE

It seems only yesterday that cramming as many students as possible into telephone booths was the in thing in education. It seems only last week that eating

live goldfish gave status to scholars. Both pastimes are now, of course, passé, and as college terms began last month we wondered what would replace them.

The answer has just arrived in the mail from two Yale University sophomores, William Clell Howze Jr. of Tulsa and George S. Mittendorf II of New York, who report that their roommate, Mark Anthony Princi Jr. of Marlboro, Mass., "wheeled his Legnano bicycle around the living room" of Suite 1902 in Silliman College 102 times "to set the world record for number of laps around a 10-foot-by-12-foot enclosed wood track."

"The winning machine," the Messrs. Howze and Mittendorf attest, "was a 10-speed Legnano bicycle with low tires and a wicker basket inhibiting the use of brakes. The new champion pedaled the entire race in his stocking feet, in constant pain from a broken right pedal. Mr. Princi covered the 3,232 feet in less than 15 agonizing minutes. We are glad to give SPORTS ILLUSTRATED an exclusive on the story. Can your subscribers go without this information? We think not."

We think we will leave that to our readers, who may or may not wish to know that a few days later Princi did 150 laps.

POSTSCRIPT

A St. Louis fan complains that SI did not even mention the announcing team of Harry Caray and Curt Gowdy in our report last week on the dismissal of Mel Allen and the brilliant World Series broadcasts by Phil Rizzuto and Joe Garagiola. O.K., we'll mention them now. Gowdy was pretty bad. Caray was awful.

POLITICIANS AT SEA

"Oh, when will you ever learn? When will you ever learn?" goes the question in a once-popular pseudo folk song, and the answer, when it comes to many legislators, can only be never. If there is any single fact that experienced boatmen are aware of, it is that age has nothing to do with competence at the helm. The way to make a good sailor is to start him young, the younger the better. Yet the first and only thing that the legislators of New York State can think of to put in a prospective bill for the licensing of boat operators is a restriction on their age.

This magazine is frequently appalled at the incompetence of many of those who put to sea in pleasure boats. It may one day even be ready to concede that power to restrict them to the beach be granted to some responsible and in-

continued

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formed national agency—perhaps the U.S. Coast Guard. Right now, however, it sees no greater peril facing the sport of boating than the likelihood that it will be fouled up by legislative landlubbers.

THE HORSE MARKET BOOM

If you would like to buy a fashionable Thoroughbred these days be prepared to face the fact that prices for the best of them are wildly inflated. The trend began late in July when the annual yearling sales at Kentucky's Keeneland produced record prices. A record gross of $4,743,800 was paid for 271 horses, an unprecedented Kentucky average of $17,505 per horse. A Bold Ruler colt brought $170,000, the most ever paid for any yearling anywhere.

The action switched to Saratoga early in August, and there Keeneland's price was bettered slightly, when 212 yearlings averaged a record $17,763. The magazine *The Blood-Horse* commented: "A billy goat on a shank would have started at $2,000."

In October, E. P. Taylor held his annual *prix-fixe* sale of half his yearlings at Willowdale, Ont. Two years ago no one would pay the $25,000 he asked for Northern Dancer, whereupon Taylor raced the colt himself and won the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness and a batch of other big stakes. So it was that this year Jean Louis Levesque, another Canadian millionaire, paid $100,000 for a full sister of Northern Dancer. That was the highest price ever paid for a yearling filly at public sale.

Not all high-priced animals return their board and keep, and oldtimers like to point out that the most famous colt of them all, Man o' War, was a $5,000 bargain and that Miss Cavandish, a 3-year-old filly who has earned $280,000 and is still going strong, could have been had for a mere $1,500 in 1962. But then, of course, even a hamburger used to sell for a nickel once upon a time.

THEY SAID IT

• Louis E. DePauli, district attorney of Gallup, N. Mex., refusing to act on Internal Revenue Service reports of World Series lottery pools at local bars: "This is a special time of year."

• Gomer Jones, on why he would want to follow as successful a football coach as Bud Wilkinson at Oklahoma: "I'm doing it for the next coach. Think how easy it will be to follow me." **END**

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*Chicago Bears halfback

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Sports Illustrated
OCTOBER 26, 1964

WE WIN THE FIVE



AND TEN

Gold medals were coming America's way in bargain-basement lots at the Tokyo Olympics. Two of them—for the 5,000- and 10,000-meter runs—were treasures

by JOHN UNDERWOOD



In the beginning at Tokyo there was a good deal of clatter about the New Emerging Forces—Indonesia and North Korea, for example—who emerged from the Olympic Village in a snit and went home. But when the Games hit full stride last week a different kind of new emerging force emerged—America's sensational distance runners. From an Olympic obscurity that with two exceptions (Horace *Ashenfelter's steeplechase gold medal in* 1952 and Johnny Hayes's marathon victory in 1908) had extended in length to everything beyond 1,500 meters and in time through every Olympic renewal since the first in Athens in 1896, the U.S. moved suddenly to center stage.

Last Sunday in a drizzling rain a tall, bony Ohioan named Bob Schul won the 5,000-meter run, a race the U.S. had never won before (though an American was a very close second 32 years ago). Schul, a 27-year-old asthmatic who bundles off to California in midsummer to escape the pollen fallout in his native state, was the favorite in the race, as unlikely as that might seem when counted against America's record in the 5,000 in the past. But Schul is a resolute, self-assured man, one who trained under the equally imperative Hungarian master, Mihaly Iglói, without allowing Iglói to dominate him. When Schul said before the race, "I am the man to beat," he said it only as a man who knows precisely where he stands—and more important, where he is going.

Schul could be the man to beat at

continued

Grinning Bob Schul breaks tape in rain-soaked 5,000 meters as Germany's Norpoth finishes second, Bill Dellinger of U.S. (right) third

almost any distance, he is that strong and that fast. There was a time when he appeared to be going nowhere, and he interrupted his education at Miami of Ohio to spend four years in the Air Force. But during the indoor track season last winter, under Iglo's direction, he began leading where before he had followed, and in June, when he beat the New Zealander Bill Baillie in 13:38 in a 5,000-meter run at the Compton Relays in California, he shattered Baillie with a last-quarter kick that could be felt all the way to Tokyo.

It was the fastest 5,000 of the year, and Schul immediately became an international figure, at least in track circles. Twice he ran sub-four-minute miles, and later he ran 8:26.4 to break Michel Jazy's world record in the two-mile run. His strength was evident, and it was conceded that he could outkick anybody at the end of 5,000 meters except, perhaps, the Frenchman Jazy—provided Jazy had a slow enough pace to come off of.

Jazy reached the finals in Tokyo, and so did Ron Clarke, the Australian with the driving pace and no kick. The race began shortly after 4 in the afternoon. There were great puddles on the track, and soon anybody behind the leaders was splattered with mud to his hairline. Schul was one of these, lagging back as is his custom, biding his time as Clarke set a hurry-up-and-slow-down pace, sprinting and coasting and then sprinting again on the chance he would tire the others. As it turned out, he tired himself the most.

Jazy stayed close to Clarke, running off his shoulder most of the time. The German, Harald Norpoth, was close, too, cursing the rain ("I began losing faith as soon as I heard the rain falling in the night, because I do not run well in the rain"). America's Bill Dellinger, the veteran who made an impressive comeback this year, ran last or next to last most of the way, which wasn't too bad since most of the field was packed in a tight little cluster. The pace discouraged nobody through the first 4,000 meters.

Schul ran comfortably along in the middle of the pack. When Clarke sprinted, and Jazy and Norpoth went with him, Schul let them go. Then, when Clarke slowed the pace, the gap that had opened slowly closed until Schul was right up there with the pacesetters again. This pattern continued until, with a lap and a half to go, Dellinger suddenly swept past everybody and took the lead. Jazy went after him, and Norpoth, Clarke and Schul followed. Jazy later said he began his kick too soon, but he began it nevertheless. "I thought," he said, "that here was my chance." He moved out past Dellinger. Clarke, with no sprint to offer, disappeared from contention, and Dellinger fell behind. Jazy opened up a huge lead on Norpoth and Schul down the backstretch of the last lap. Into the long last turn he was a good 10 yards ahead, but now there began an ominous, rolling, throaty noise from the crowd as Schul launched his invincible kick. Jazy looked around as he went into the home stretch —"I remember him looking," said Schul, "and I thought he must be mighty worried"—and his shoulders tightened. Schul caught Jazy halfway down the stretch, roared past him and breezed home the winner by six yards, a big grin splitting his face as he split the tape. He had run the last 300 yards in 38.4 seconds, the final quarter in 54.4. The race was slow, 13:48.8, but on this rainy track Schul's time was not as important as his tactics. His sprint broke Jazy, who faded to fourth place. Norpoth finished second and Dellinger, putting on his own sprint down the stretch, just caught Jazy at the wire to finish third and win a bronze medal to add to Schul's gold.

Schul said afterward that he would like to go for the 5,000-meter world record and "maybe break the steeplechase record, too," but for the time being, "I must start treating my wife like a human being again. All this has been very rough on her."

Four days before Schul's victory, on the very first day of track-and-field competition, a 26-year-old marine lieutenant named Billy Mills, seven-sixteenths Sioux Indian and 100% unspoiled by publicity (he had never had any) won the 10,000-meter run, the first American ever to do so. Unlike Schul, Mills—an unimpressive second in the Los Angeles Olympic trials—was an almost totally unknown quantity, to Americans as much as anyone else. He had never before won a major race, yet his time, 28:24.4, set a new Olympic record; it was the fourth fastest 10,000 ever run; it broke the old American record set four years ago in Rome by Max Truex by almost half a minute, and it was 45 seconds faster than Mills had ever run the distance before. It was an utter and absolute surprise, and it left Clarke, the prerace favorite (and the world-record holder), floundering in third place and former Olympic gold-medal winners Murray Halberg and Pyotr Bolotnikov far, far in the ruck.

Two days before the race 18-year-old Gerry Lindgren—who, everyone agreed, really had no chance running against grown men but who was nonetheless everybody's secret dark horse—twisted his ankle on a tree stump near the Meiji Shrine as he took a practice run cross-country. Blithely, Lindgren ignored advice to pack the ankle in ice at once, and it was three hours before it was treated. By then the ankle was stiff, and whatever chance America might have had in the 10,000 seemed to have vanished. Lindgren ran in the race anyway, and though he finished a creditable ninth he was never a factor.

But the mysterious Mills, shaking his hands at his sides as if to coax out all the tension that was building, clung to the leaders, lap after tiring lap, until he was one of only three of the 36 starters still in touch with Clarke, who had set or forced the pace the entire way. Four times Mills seemed to drop from contention, falling as much as 15 yards behind, but each time he came on again to rejoin the leaders. Five times he actually took the lead, but more often the pacesetter was Clarke or the Ethiopian, Mamo Wolde, or the Tunisian army sergeant, Mohamed Gammoudi.

Text continued on page 29

GALLERY OF GOLD MEDAL WINNERS *begins with America's part-Indian Billy Mills (opposite), who scored a startling upset in the 10,000-meter run. Mills outdistanced teammate Gerry Lindgren as he dogged Australia's favored Ron Clarke (gold-and-green shesh) through most of the race before passing him in the stretch to win. Other 1964 champions are shown on the next five pages.*







Bearded, turbaned referee lifts hand of Japan's featherweight wrestling champion, Osamu Watanabe, after victory over Russia's Khokhashvili



A flop at Rome in 1960, Britain's Mary Rand comes back impressively at Tokyo, wins the broad jump with a world record 22 feet 2⅛ inches

Ed Ferry and Conn Findlay of U.S., guided by Kent Mitchell (almost hidden in bow), scud past Russians on way to pairs-with-coxswain gold medal

Off to a superb start in the 100 meters, powerful Bob Hayes bulls his way down the track to win by an overwhelming margin from Cuba's



Figueroia (in white) and Canada's Jerome (red trunks). In setting a new Olympic record, Hayes equaled the world record of 10 seconds flat




USA

With 2½ laps to go, Walde began to fade, and now there were three, winding their way in and out of a tangled mass of stragglers who had been lapped by the leaders. It was a terrible traffic jam and when, with one lap to go, Clarke decided to make his move he found himself boxed in by Mills on his right and a straggler in front. To get around he moved out and pushed against Mills. At almost the same moment Gammoudi, running third, had started his kick and found Clarke and Mills in his way. The Tunisian put his hands together as if to begin a comic dive and shoved between them, getting the lead as Mills broke stride and stumbled out across the track. ("It was a break," he said later. "Out there I found harder ground, better traction, and I was able to pick up immediately.") Clarke, who had turned to Mills as though to apologize, immediately went after Gammoudi, but Mills, who lost several yards recovering from the stumble, seemed out of it. At the turn into the stretch, however, he lengthened his stride and picked up speed, and as he came down the stretch, well out in the middle of the track, he suddenly loomed large on Clarke's right shoulder. Mills lammed past the Australian, caught Gammoudi 20 yards from the tape and crossed the finish line three yards ahead.

Mills then had to endure his first press conference. He told of being orphaned at 13, of attending high school on an Indian reservation, of starting to run because he wanted to train to be a boxer (the 16-ounce gloves eventually proved too heavy), of moving to the University of Kansas for an undistinguished career as a collegiate runner ("I didn't get along with the coach,") and finally of becoming a Marine platoon leader at Camp Pendleton in California. His wife Patsy, who was with him through the long interview, had to correct him when he reported their daughter's age as 16 months instead of 17. Afterward, as Billy and Patsy strolled out of the stadium gate with teammate Don Jeisy and his wife, Mrs. Jeisy fashioned an imaginary banner in the sky: "I can see it now—BILLY MILLS DAY AT CAMP PENDLETON." Mills said, "Yeah. Then maybe I can get some of those guys to obey orders."

If obeying orders is not an American characteristic, it is a Soviet one, and when Nikita Khrushchev finished out of the money in a private Kremlin popularity poll there was consternation in Russian quarters in Tokyo. "There is utter panic," said one Russian. The word in Russian is *panika*, and he used it again, "*panika*," and still again, "*panika*." He paused, a man acquainted with uncertainties. "It makes you have second thoughts about going back."

Eight of the 14 days of Olympic competition had passed, and for the Russians it had been eight days that must have seemed like eight Five-Year Plans fully carried out. A strong person could develop vertigo just following the spirals of their ups and downs. On the first Sunday, Alexy Vakhonin, a bantamweight weight lifter from the Ukraine, won the first gold medal of the Games and acclaimed it "the best present for the motherland." That afternoon propaganda booklets telling of the sweet life in Russia were placed at the Olympic Village cafeteria entrance for American athletes to trip over. That night in the Russian quarters there was cutting of *pirog* (Russian cake) to celebrate Vakhonin's victory, and the Russians agreed that as the days wore on and their superiority was established they would have their *pirog* and eat it, too, after each new victory. On Monday, a Russian seaman jumped the Olympic ship S.S. *Uritsky* in Yokohama harbor and begged political refuge. (At the Olympic Village, American Shotputter Parry O'Brien predicted that "at least three" Soviet athletes would do the same before the Games were over, but he was merely parroting a rumor that had been whispered around the Village indiscriminately since opening day.) On Tuesday three Russian cosmonauts who had been cast into space were reeled in again safely, right on the eve of the track-and-field competition. On Wednesday, however, Billy Mills won the 10,000, which the Russians consider their special cup of borsch. Russian Pyotr Bolotnikov, winner in Rome in 1960, did not even place. A Russian official charged the Americans half seriously with harboring a secret weapon in Mills.

By Thursday, American swimmers were firmly enshrined as the alltime heads of the class (*page 30*), American track-and-field athletes were more than holding their own, an American divinity student, Gary Anderson, had won the gold medal in free-rifle competition, the Vesper Boat Club had reestablished American supremacy in eight-oared rowing, and anyone at the Olympics who by now could not hum *The Star-Spangled Banner* had to have ear trouble.

In the Russian barracks there was fear that the *pirog* might go stale, so new ground rules for celebrating were set up. "The golden era is passed," said one Soviet athlete, dramatically raising an imaginary glass, "begins the bronze era." The cake-cutting resumed.

Then, on Thursday midnight, there went Khrushchev and the next day, Friday, the Red Chinese fired off a nuclear bomb. Finally, on Sunday morning, the eighth day, there began a rain that was to last until nightfall, and Tokyo papers advised their readers that a little radioactive fallout from the Chinese bomb test might be included with the morning edition. But in the rain (and the fallout) Schul won the 5,000. After eight days, the Americans had won 29 gold medals to Russia's 13, and in total medals (gold, silver, bronze), led 68 to 40. Russian victories were sure to come in gymnastics, boxing, Greco-Roman wrestling, cycling, shooting and fencing, but would they now be enough? Possibly. But the Soviets would be hard pressed to repeat their "unofficial" team victories at Rome and Melbourne, and they definitely had lost ground in track and field.

On the other hand, the Americans had made up ground lost in Rome by winning both sprints—Bob Hayes at 100 meters and Henry Carr at 200—and, though there was international improvement and increased representation in almost every event, the Americans held fast. Al Oerter, the two-time Olympic discus champion, tore muscles and cartilage in his back overextending a throw and was unable to work effectively. He talked of withdrawing ("I do not like to be mediocre") but then thought better of it. His first practice throw in the competition doubled him up, but he continued. To stop internal bleeding, he had frozen his side with ice packs, but the pain persisted. In the discus finals he consistently threw low for the first four of his allotted six throws and trailed Ludvik Danek, the world-record holder from Czechoslovakia. On his fifth throw,

continued

Don Schollander (here being congratulated by Britain's Bobby McGregor) touched off U.S. aquatic explosion by winning four gold medals, an unprecedented number for a swimmer

however, he came up nicely and put 6[illegible] meters (200 feet 1½ inches) between himself and the discus to win his third straight gold. Later, a foreign newsman told him that Danek had trained in a private camp, with his wife, for six months prior to the Games. "How do you get a deal like that?" Oerter asked. "Well," said the writer, "you have to live in Czechoslovakia."

Pole Vaulter John Pennell, the first man to clear 17 feet, reinjured his back and was unable to vault almost from the time he got to Tokyo. He tried for the finals but had to quit after two jumps. He watched as teammate Fred Hansen, whipping into the black Tokyo night after nearly 9½ hours of poke-along competition, won at 16 feet 8¾ inches, also an Olympic record. Hayes Jones and Blaine Lindgren ran one-two in the 110-meter high hurdles. Lindgren stumbled from the lead with less than five meters to go, on a track made slippery by the rain. Jones said he was retiring as of that moment. Rex Cawley, forced to take mincing steps when the wind forced him close to the barrier on the backstretch, came on strong to win the 400-meter hurdles. And Mike Larrabee won the 400 meters over Trinidad's (and Yale's) favored Wendell Mottley.

There were failures. Harold Connolly was disappointing in the hammer throw and Peter Snell obliterated the U.S. half milers. Ralph Boston, the 1960 gold-medal winner, resumed his battle with Russia's Igor Ter-Ovanesyan and beat him again, but this time England's Lynn Davies bested both of them with a jump of 26 feet 5½ inches. Boston's last jump was his best, but as he went into the air he was struck with a wind that had pestered the jumpers all day. He came down 1½ inches short of Davies' mark. "Good heavens," said a British newsman when he learned of Davies' victory. "It must have been the English weather."

Apart from swimming and diving, the Americans did not score heavily in other sports, though there were some improvements to offset the reversals. The wrestlers won only one medal (they had three in 1960), and the weight lifters had but one bronze compared to one gold, four silvers and one bronze in 1960. But the rifle and pistol shooters won five medals and the rowing team four, and these were huge advances. In rowing America won the pairs-with-coxswain gold medal and then—when the Vesper Boat Club won the eight-oared event—regained a large measure of the prestige it lost in 1960. The U.S. had taken the eight-oared gold medal in eight straight Olympics before the Ratzeburg Rowing Club of Germany won in Rome. The day of the finals in Tokyo was blustery, and the races were postponed twice. Ves-

A DOMINANT SWIMMER FOR A DOMINANT COUNTRY

by GWILYM S. BROWN

The lady seated in the first row in Tokyo's luxuriant Olympic swimming arena did not mean to sound greedy, but last week when American swimmers were grabbing gold medals as though they were 10-yen coins Mrs. Martha Dent Schollander of Lake Oswego, Ore. wanted her son, Don, to have five. "Do you think it's fair that they left him off the medley relay team?" she pouted after the blond 18-year-old won his first gold medal in the 100-meter freestyle.

Don Schollander, who swims the crawl with the driving, pulsating grace of a porpoise, was not left out of much else. He was the dominant figure in eight days of Olympic swimming and diving that were dominated by one country—the U.S.—as they had never been before or are likely to be again. The youthful American swimming team of 27 boys (the oldest was 23) and 22 girls (the oldest, 19) splashed to 11 new world records while winning 13 gold, 8 silver and 8 bronze medals in 18 events. Schollander broke records just about every time he sprang into the glistening 50-meter pool. He set an Olympic mark of 53.4 seconds in the 100-meter freestyle and a new world record of 4:12.2 in his decisive 400-meter freestyle victory, and he helped his teammates set world records in the 400- and 800-meter freestyle relays. He won four gold medals, the most ever by a swimmer in one Olympics. Steve Clark won three (he swam on all three victorious U.S. relay teams), and so did Sharon Stouder. The U.S. won nine of the 12 men's events in swimming and diving and seven of the 10 women's events. And almost as stunning as this extraordinary performance by Schollander, Clark, Stouder and the rest was the fact that it was exactly what they were expected to do. Never had favorites shrugged off pressure more casually or come through more handsomely.

There are a poolful of reasons why the U.S. filled the Olympic swimming picture like a whale in a bathtub. First, through a vigorous age-group program administered by a national AAU swimming committee, U.S. small fry can get their competitive feet wet at the age of 8, when they are scarcely out of the minnow stage. The Japanese, who are as passionate about swimming as they are about baseball, golf and sumo wrestling, will not let budding swimmers compete until they have graduated from junior high school. Americans are breaking world records at that advanced age. Second, U.S. coaches, years ahead of the rest of the world in training techniques, were the first to realize that even preteen-agers are capable of great doses of hard work, at least in a swimming pool. Finally, U.S. swimmers seem to get a special bang out of aquatic competition, a cheerful state of mind that has all but eluded swimmers from other countries.

"Americans do so well because they swim for individual satisfaction and enjoyment," said an Australian swimmer. "The rest of us are under pressure to kill ourselves for our country."

The Americans' country, by contrast, extended itself for its swimmers, particularly where the XVIII Olympiad was concerned. Following the Olympic trials in early September, the U.S. team was packed off for three weeks of intensive preparation at training camps. The girls assembled in Los Angeles under Southern California Coach Pete Daland, and the men at Foothill College, just south of San Francisco, under Jim Counsilman of Indiana University and George Haines, Schollander's coach at the Santa Clara Swim Club. When the training sessions drew to a close at the end of September and the teams got their passports ready for the flight to Tokyo, Counsilman could hardly wait to send his explosive charges into the Olympic pool.

"The Olympic trials produced what is potentially the greatest team we've ever had," he said then, "And now they're all in even better shape than they were for the trials. We have potential winners and depth in every event."

By the time the team touched down in Japan, observers were conceding the U.S.

per hoped its race would not be put off —heavier than most other crews, Vesper figured it had the power to overcome the headwind whipping across the water. When the race finally got underway the wind was still blowing, and it was almost dark. The Germans and the Russians got off to good starts, but just past the halfway mark Vesper pulled ahead, kept widening its lead and crossed the finish line a surprising length and a half in front of the Germans.

Karl Adam, coach of the German crew, crushed by Vesper's convincing win, stood on the balcony above the boathouse. "I want to go home right away," he said. **END**



U.S. track success was gratifying, but New Zealand's black-suited Peter Snell more than lived up to his billing (SI, Sept. 28) as he won the 800 (right) and took aim at the 1,500.

a minimum of 12 gold medals. Anything less would amount to virtual humiliation. The coaching staff began to wish it had not sounded off so confidently back home.

"Everyone expects us to perform as if this was some sort of dual meet," complained Pete Daland. "But the rest of the world is here, too. I think that people are clamoring for the swimmers to make up for possible shortcomings on the rest of our Olympic teams. I'd like to see the other sports carry their share of the responsibility."

"I'll be happy if the men win five gold medals," lied Jim Counsilman to a skeptical pair of Japanese reporters who were interviewing him at the edge of the pool as the American swimmers churned by during one of their many practice sessions.

But Daland and Counsilman need not have moaned so piteously. In the very first men's final, the 100 meters, where the U.S. freestylers faced a particularly strong challenge from Bobby McGregor of Great Britain and the world-record holder, Alain Gottvalles of France, the gold medal came our way. Schollander, picking up speed in the last 25 meters, beat McGregor by the length of a flailing arm, and the American parade to the award stand at the north end of the pool had begun

The race made real the possibility of Schollander's winning four gold medals, since his two scheduled relay stints seemed certain to produce gold. His toughest assignment would be to defeat his 19-year-old teammate, Roy Saari, who had beaten him in the 400-meter freestyle at the Olympic trials.

His task was made easier by Dick Roth, a 17-year-old Atherton, Calif. high school boy who beat Saari in the 400-meter individual medley, an event in which each competitor swims, in order, the butterfly, the backstroke and the breaststroke before swimming freestyle over the last 100 meters. Though Roth was the world-record holder in the event, Saari was favored. Saari was in prime shape following the California training period, whereas Roth had just been through four days of a frightening and painful attack of appendicitis that was only just subsiding. Roth, determined to swim, stood on the starting block resolved to think about nothing but the race. "I just closed my mind to thoughts of the appendix," he said later. "I pretended that it didn't hurt, that it wasn't going to hurt."

Saari flung himself into the water and powered his way through the opening two legs at such a furious pace that he led Roth at 200 meters—the halfway mark—by almost three seconds. But this effort was eventually to cost Saari, who makes up through crude strength what he lacks in technique. His strength was drained by the time he pushed away from the last turn, where the steady Roth took the lead and splashed away to win by almost two seconds in the world-record time of 4:45.4.

"Roth paced himself so well it would have been a shame if he lost," said one coach after the race. "The trouble with Saari is that he swims only by feel. He doesn't use his head."

If Saari had no head for his race with Roth, the following night he had no heart for his strenuous test with Schollander in the 400-meter freestyle. He was so depressed that he could not get himself up mentally, at least not to the point of making the absolute maximum effort needed. It was hardly a contest. Schollander beat Frank Wiegand of Germany by 2.7 seconds and Saari, in fourth place, was almost five seconds behind.

"There are three things that make Don such a terrific swimmer," said George Haines, who has been coaching Schollander since the latter moved in with a Santa Clara friend three years ago in order to get a swimming education. "First, he is almost flawless mechanically. Second, he has a tremendous desire to win. Finally, he is a thoroughly intelligent competitor with a wonderful tactical sense."

That gold medal made the long trip to Tokyo worth every mile for Mrs. Schollander, for Don's father Wendell, for Don's uncle, Newton Perry, for Don's aunt, Dorothy Perry, and for Don's cousin, Delce Perry, who comprised a wildly happy group after the finish of the 400. Mrs. Schollander sat in the middle, the gold medal hanging from her neck by its striped ribbon, grinning as if she had won it herself. Maybe four would be enough.

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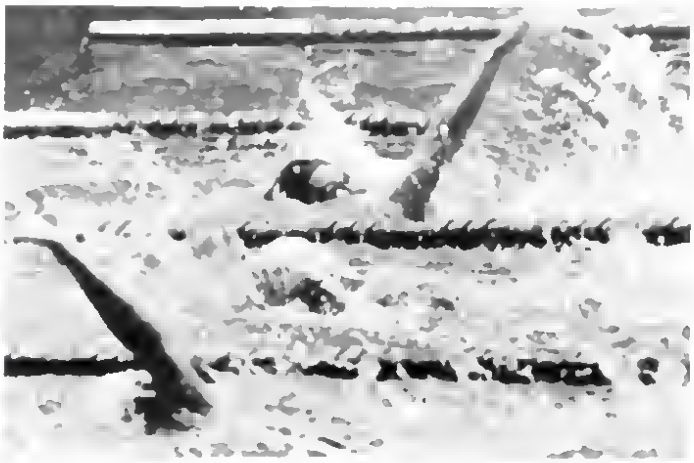
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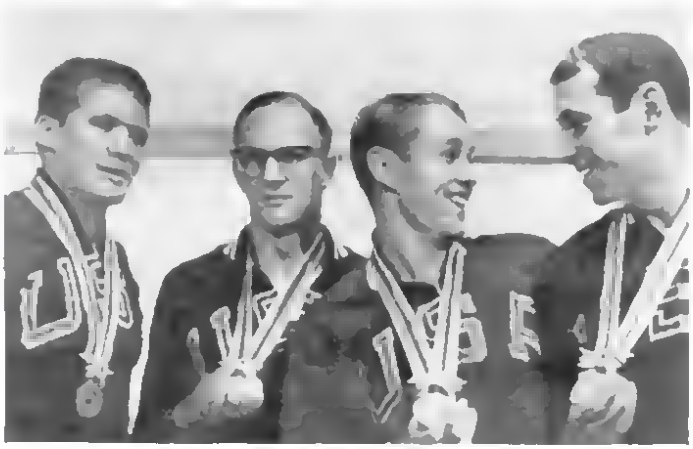
Women's 400-meter freestyle relay team of de Verona, Watson, Stouder and Ellis set new world record.



Sitzberger took springboard title.



Ferguson (top) won backstroke as Duenkel (bottom), 400-meter winner, was third



Clark, Schmidt, Craig and Mann were winners in men's 400-meter medley relay.



Graef set world record to lead sweep in men's backstroke

WHO WON IN THE WATER FOR THE U.S.



Bush was surprise winner in women's platform diving.



Webster came from behind to successfully defend high-diving title he won in Rome



Goyette swam on medley relay team.



Saari earned medal in 800-meter relay



Roth overcame appendicitis to win individual medley



Austin, Clark (in sweet suit), Jimen and Schollander won 400-meter freestyle relay



WALTER IOOSS JR.

COLTS RULE THE WEST AGAIN

By beating the Green Bay Packers for the second time this year, the Baltimore Colts have changed their pace from a fast trot to a headlong gallop. It may move them to the Western title sooner than expected **by TEX MAULE**



Colt Halfback Lenny Moore (24) epitomizes the Baltimore attack as he heads for touchdown—his second of the day—that beat the Packers

Only a little more than a minute of play remained in the game last Sunday afternoon at Baltimore's Memorial Stadium. Quarterback Johnny Unitas looked over the Green Bay defense, lined up on the Packer five-yard line. The Colts trailed 21–17, and the 60,213 spectators were quiet. Unitas called the play, handed the ball to Lenny Moore, and the Colt halfback, running with his peculiar high-stepping gait, slashed outside the Green Bay right tackle. Behind blocks from Guard Jim Parker and Halfback Tony Lorick, Moore sliced into the end zone. The touchdown gave the Colts the game and moved them a long step closer to their first division title since 1959.

The last-minute touchdown may also

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SPEED WON THE WORLD SERIES

Taking advantage of weaknesses in New York's outfield, the Cardinals ran the bases with daring and imagination and forced critical Yankee errors. Speed also characterized the departure of the rival managers **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

Last Thursday at 3:41 in the afternoon Dal Maxvill, the St Louis second baseman, stood under a fly ball and waited for it to settle in his glove for the final out of the 1964 World Series. As he waited, Dick Groat moved toward him from shortstop and pleaded, "Don't let it hit you on the coconut, Max, don't let it hit you on the coconut." When Maxvill caught the ball Busch Stadium in St. Louis, baseball's oldest park, was just what Mudville would have been like if Casey had not struck out. People poured from the stands, horns blew, confetti filled the air, players hugged each other. The Cardinals, who had been six games out of the National League lead with only 13 games remaining, were the champions of the baseball world.

Seldom has there been a Series quite like this one. It sustained to the very last inning of the last game those tensions and frustrations of the league pennant races that had thrilled Americans. The Cardinals and Yankees were almost perfectly matched, and they gave baseball fans everything they could have hoped for. There were stolen bases and spectacular double plays, weird blunders, grand-slam home runs and brilliant hunts, strings of strikeouts as well as strings of walks, fine fielding, shoddy fielding and rhubarbs galore.

The Cardinals won their championship 18 years to the day after they had won their last one, and they did it by employing an old and honored Cardinal trademark: speed on the bases. On Oct. 15, 1946 Enos Slaughter took advantage of a lapse by the Boston Red Sox and scored all the way from first base to enable St. Louis to win that year's Series four games to three. This time the Cardinals did not win because of one outstanding play like Slaughter's. They used their speed throughout the Series, and it was decisive in the final game, forcing the Yankees into critical blunders.

Before the first game, the Cardinals had listened to a scouting report on the Yankees, prepared by Mo Mozzali and Mike Ryba, indicating that the Yankee outfield probably would be vulnerable to a running attack and that the most vulnerable of all would be Right Fielder Mickey Mantle. Mantle's legs, under constant treatment, no longer allow him to charge a baseball with confidence, and his lateral movement is ponderous and unsure. When Mantle was moved from center field to right, to cut down the area he had to cover, his throwing perspective changed and he had difficulty gauging sliced balls hit toward him. The switch brought Roger Maris to center, and Maris, whose ability to throw from right field is beyond argument, became a question mark in that department as a center fielder.

As the Cardinals watched the Yankees warm up in the outfield before the first game, they saw that Mantle was indeed having trouble. The hard outfield in Busch Stadium did not suit his brittle legs, and the warning track was a hazard to his footing. Maris looked good defensively because he has fine speed, but his arm still appeared to be the arm of a right fielder.





In first part of seventh-game double steal, Shannon (above) starts slide into second to avoid tag by Richardson. After well-timed break from third, McCarver (below) beats throw home

In the first inning of the first game Lou Brock went from first to third on a single to Mantle and later scored when Mantle had difficulty getting himself set to throw on a fly ball hit into the wind. In the second inning Mike Shannon scored from second on a sharp single to Mantle by Ray Sadecki. When Mantle got to Sadecki's hit, he threw the ball over the head of Catcher Elston Howard and into the stands. On a single to left Tim McCarver scored in the sixth, and when Tom Tresh threw home Carl Warwick moved to second. Pinch Runner Julian Javier subsequently scored.

Five times between game one and game seven the Cards challenged the Yankees with their base-running speed. Three times those challenges were successful, and twice they led to Yankee fielding blunders. There could have been more such incidents, except for the fact that the first two hitters and the fastest runners in the St. Louis lineup—Curt Flood and Brock—did not get on base as regularly as they had done during the last half of the National League season. On three occasions when Flood was on first and Brock was at bat, Flood picked up an extra base on a ball hit in front of him.

St. Louis' speed enjoyed its greatest success in the final game. In the fourth inning, with no score by either team, the Cardinals got a run when the Yankees botched a double play. Then Tim McCarver moved from first to third on a single to right center by Mike Shannon, and when Maxvill missed a hit-and-run pitch the Cardinals executed a double steal. Shannon eluded Bobby Richardson's tag at second, and McCarver, timing his break for home perfectly, beat a bad, low throw to the plate by Richardson. Finally, as Maxvill singled sharply to short right center, Shannon defied Mantle and beat the throw home.

In the fifth inning Ken Boyer scored from third with what turned out to be the winning run of the game on a wholly appropriate play. He went home on a fly ball to medium right when Mantle's throw was up the first-base line and late.

Bob Gibson had his troubles with the Yankee power before the game was over, but Johnny Keane stayed with him despite the fact that Gibson was pitching with just two days' rest. Keane was well aware that since August 24 Gibson had started 12 games for St. Louis, pitched nine complete ones and in two others went eight innings—ample evidence of his strength and courage.



As he happily hugged his manager after victory, Busch was unaware of Keane's resignation

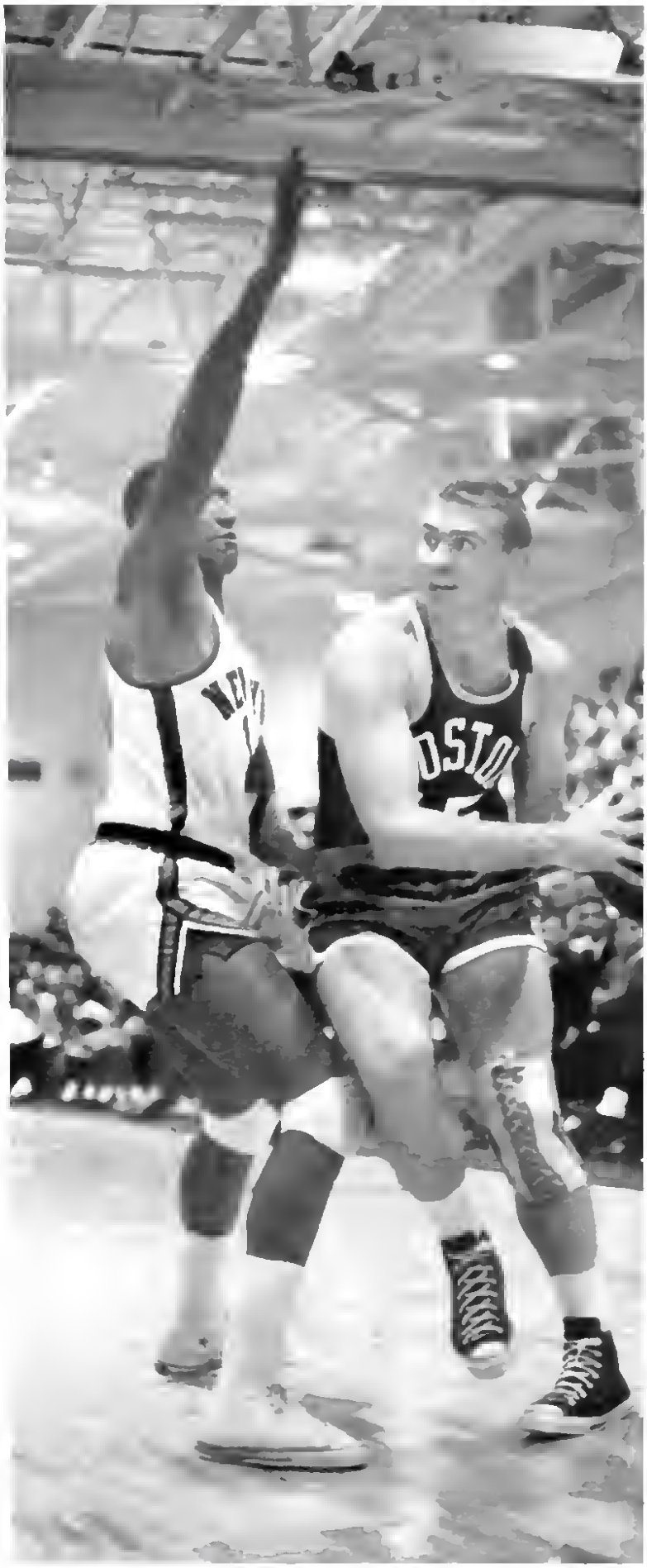
Moments after the Cardinals had won their championship, most of them were in a room off the clubhouse that has a large picture window overlooking Spring Avenue, already packed with fans pouring out of the stadium. While a record called *Our Old Home Team* played continuously in the background, the players and fans toasted each other for a long time in beer and champagne. The Cardinals stayed at the window *until* every fan had left. "This," said Captain Ken Boyer, "is one hell of a baseball town. They've waited for this for 18 years. God bless 'em all, even the ones who boo."

What happened after the Series surprised fans far more than its outcome. The morning following the last game, Keane resigned, clearly because of Busch's lack of confidence in him when the Cardinals were going bad in July. Prodded by Consultant Branch Rickey, Busch had fired General Manager Bing Devine, an old friend of Keane. By the weekend everyone expected Keane to be the next manager of the Yankees. There was even cynical speculation that Keane had been promised the job before he quit St. Louis, but Johnny was categorical: "No one on the Yankees has talked to me. Mayo Smith, who scouts for them, was in St. Louis near the end of the season, and it's possible he was looking me over. If so, it was without my knowledge. Lela [Mrs. Keane] and I wrote out my resignation on September 28 knowing that we did not have another job to go to."

More bizarre than Keane's quitting, however, was the firing of Yogi Berra for reasons given as "being best for everyone." Despite efforts to justify this on the ground that Berra had lost control of his players, it seems obvious that he was fired *because* the Yankees lost the World Series. Three times in the past five years the Yankees have changed managers after losing the Series.

Ironically, aside from winning the pennant, Berra had done exactly what the Yankees hoped he would do for them when they hired him; his presence as field boss had begun to change the cold, impersonal image of the Yankees, and he had acquired a following despite the continued Yankee slump in attendance. The firing may have been the worst blunder in public relations by any club in baseball's history; certainly it disturbed and angered not only the team's supporters but most baseball fans. The Yankees might just as well have flogged their bat boy in public. **END**

OF CHARLEY HORSES AND LITTLE OLD LADIES



With their seven basic pleys end the most basic bench in years, the Boston Celtics start chesing their seventh consecutive titie. Here Star Forward Tommy Heinsohn (see cover) telks ebout e side of pro bell thet the spectetors can never see

by TOMMY HEINSOHN
with BOB OTTUM



I don't know what it is about me. I am no Rock Hudson, but I absolutely wow all the little old white-haired ladies. They stop me and talk to me all over the country, on the street, in restaurants, in elevators. Let the entire team be sitting around a hotel lobby, we spend a great deal of time sitting in hotel lobbies, and *I'm* the guy they always approach. They always say exactly the same thing. "My golly, but you are a big one," they say, and then most often they will reach out and pat me. "I have got a brother [or a nephew, or uncle] who is big, too." So I just stand there and nod politely, as a matter of fact, I really *like* little old ladies. Then they say, "Just how tall are you?" I tell them 6 foot 7 and 225 pounds, and they always reply: "Oh, my. Well, Harry isn't *that* big. Golhes." That ought to give you an idea of the crazy, wild, recklessly exciting times professional basketball players have on the road.

It's funny, because I am not one of the real big monster guys in basketball, by far. There are days when everybody is bigger than me. The other members of the crew kid me about this magic with the little women in their lace shawls, and sometimes in the locker room a teammate will tweak me on the cheek and say, "Gollies, thweetie pie, but you thure are big and cute." If you have ever been tweaked on the cheek by someone like K. C. Jones, your whole face can hurt for a month.

Now it is that time of year again. It is time for 80 games of basketball under pressure that starts plenty high and gets a lot higher, time for all the little old ladies and those hotel lobbies and then catnaps with our legs sticking out into the aisles of airplanes and nights of physical and mental exhaustion. This is my 19th year playing the game, counting my kid years and the years I was an All-America at Holy Cross, and when you get to be a grown-up man 30 years old playing this game, there has got to be a good reason. I have two: I play basketball for love and money, and they come in interchangeable order depending on how things are going when you ask the question.

I'm wide and strong but, like everybody else who plays the game professionally, I am also a physical mess; it's a paradox of the sport. I've got loose ligaments all over the place, on my legs and elbows, and I've *really* got weak ankles. I once had eight sprained ankles in one season. I have had four ankle sprains in the last six years, and that is a tribute to our trainer Buddy LeRoux, who could build a basketball player out of tape, splints and liniment. My left knee hasn't got the outside lateral ligaments it came with originally, and now I wear a special brace with steel sides so the knee won't wobble the way it shouldn't wobble.

When I joined the Celtics eight years ago I was stronger than Jack the Bear, and the first thing I did was run into Ray Felix. He played center for the New York Knickerbockers then. Basketball centers are a lot more agile now than Felix was then, but he had his ways about him. Players cutting for the basket around Felix would stop short because Felix used to impulsively raise up one bony knee and catch them right across the giant muscle in the thigh. In my first game in New York, Felix hauled off and gave me one of America's alltime great charley horses. We played the next night in Boston, and I limped around him from the *other* side and he hooked me again. I knew right then what kind of career it was going to be. "Ye gods," I said to Coach Red Auerbach, "I have played two games of professional basketball in my whole life, and already I have run out of legs."

But charley horses heal—slowly—and they are nothing like the feeling we get starting each season. I dread it. But I keep doing it. There comes that autumn morning when I throw that first leg out of bed and a shooting pain runs all the way up to my ears, which is a considerable distance for pain to shoot, and I feel like I am *all* charley horse. The ironic thing about it is that we get this feeling when we are *in* shape, and I would hate to think what it would be like out of condition. The Celtics are the toughest team in an extremely tough league, and we are expected to report to camp ready to run where other teams train into shape. I can remember when Carl Braun joined us from the Knicks, and that second morning he sat on the edge of his bed and groaned as sunbursts of aches and hurts ran through him. He recalled wistfully that "on the Knicks during the first couple of *continued*

HEINSOHN STARTS TO DRIVE AROUND THE KNICKS' BOB BOOZER IN A PRESEASON EXHIBITION

weeks of the season all we did was get to know each other."

Now we're off again, and this is the year, everybody says, that the Celtics will blow it. Well, let me admit right now that winning this year will be harder than any year I can remember, but win we will. There is one way—and only one way—that the Celtics can be beat this season. Later, I'll even go further and tell you 1) how the Boston Celtics can be beat this season, and 2) don't bet on it. Basketball the way we play it is a frightening, basic game.

You may find this a surprise, but the Celtics have only seven plays. All the rest of it we make up as we go along. There are a hundred options to be run off the basic seven. In college basketball 90% of the play is directed by the coach. "Fellas," he will say, "we'll play a zone defense or a man-to-man." In pro ball it is all different: we play the basics and *think*. Take any one of our seven plays. If worked properly it cannot be stopped. Our opponents have scouted us all over the place, but they still haven't seen the plays as many times as we have run them. What most always happens is that we will start one going (sometimes Auerbach will hand-signal us from the bench; it may or may not mean anything), and the defensive team will recognize it. Which means they will rush to our normal shooting spot and get there before the offensive player arrives. Then we slip into an option, and sometimes they will know that one, too, and stampede over to the No. 1 option spot. And then we start playing good old fundamental basketball. And how can you scout a thing as unmysterious as old-fashioned fundamentals?

This is how secret our plays are: During this spring we toured Europe on a goodwill mission for the U.S. State Department. There were four Celtics: Bill Russell, K. C. Jones, Bob Cousy (he's retired and came along to provide commentary) and me. Then we had Bob Pettit from the St. Louis Hawks, Tom Gola of the New York Knickerbockers, Jerry Lucas and Oscar Robertson of the Cincinnati Royals—with Coach Auerbach handling us all. As the trip went along we would stage basketball clinics in each city to spread the American hoop gospel. Red would run us through some pretty routine plays and visiting coaches would take notes, and things went fine until we got to Warsaw. That's when one of the coaches said, "Now show us some of the Boston Celtics' plays. They're the ones we want to see."

"Gentlemen," said Auerbach, "I'd love to, truly. But I cannot, because I don't have my whole team here."

"It's O.K., I know them all anyway," said Gola. "Let's run the old No. 6 for them."

"The hm?" said Auerbach.

"The 6," said Gola, and we ran it, with just three Celtics on the floor. Gola played guard and dribbled in over the half-court, then passed to me at forward. He came hurtling in close behind me, and I set up the pick on Gola's imaginary man by flipping the ball back to Gola and dashing toward the free-throw line. Thus Gola had, in effect, become the forward and I had become a guard. He took the ball into the corner, and Bill Russell came into position in the pivot area, his back to the basket. Gola fed the ball to Russell on a quick pass; Russell half-turned and hooked it in with a rolling move. Even Lucas, who was a rookie then, knew the play by heart.

Then we tried to trip them up with our No. 22, and they ran through it smoothly. "Now," said Gola, "let's run the No. 1." About that time Auerbach shrugged and smiled and gave up.

Auerbach is good that way: in fact, he is such a great basketball coach that this sort of thing doesn't shatter him. He knows we can win on fundamentals. Red is sometimes pictured by the press as the Leo Durocher of hoop—what with all that jumping around and screaming—but that is all part of his routine. Under the facade of whoopdedo he knows exactly what is going on. Sending Red Auerbach abroad to represent America was a good move. That is, it was a grand move for the U.S. and a terrible move for me. I almost didn't come back.

We were in Cracow, Poland, and this time I was in my hotel room, not sitting in the lobby. My luggage had been searched once and the little battery for my Accutron watch had been taken; I guess the Poles thought it was microfilm of the master plan to capture Europe. Then, suddenly, two official-looking Poles burst in—official-looking and mean-looking—and one of them flashed a badge at me.

"Get your passport," he said, "and come with us."

The little one was wearing a trench coat with the collar up (wouldn't you know he'd be wearing a trench coat?), and he sort of lounged there on the edge of my vision with one hand in a pocket as though he had a gun. I protested something about being an American and demanded to see someone from the Embassy, and they nodded curtly. "You are wanted for questioning," the first one said. "Come with us."

When we got outside the hotel I had one of them on either side of me, and I began to get scared. For one thing, Germans are not exactly welcome in Poland, and I look so much like a German I could have come from Central Casting. And about the time I was worrying about that angle, Cousy leaned out of an upstairs window and saw them taking me away.

"Don't forget, you guys," the Cooz yelled. "He is a dirty *German*." A great help to me, that Cousy. But before I could call back for help they hustled me off into an alley. That's where I really began to choke.

The smaller guy, the one with the gun in his pocket, began arguing hotly in Polish with the official guy. I couldn't understand any of it, but it sounded a lot like, "Why don't we shoot this bum now and get it over with?" to me. In the darkest part of the alley I began to get desperate. I'll fake to my left and then swing right and take out the little one first, I figured, and hope that the other one doesn't have a gun, too. If I can get one of them down, maybe I can lick the other one. Another 25 yards of this, and they pushed me through a doorway into some kind of coffeehouse full of Alfred Hitchcock types. "Wait here," the big one said. "Do not move. You are being watched." Then they walked off into the smoke and darkness.

I sat there all emotionally untied and figuring, "Wait here, hell. I'm off to the Embassy like a flash of light," when the alley door swung open again. In came that big cigar, with Red Auerbach right behind it, grinning like crazy, and Cousy and the rest of the crew laughing themselves sick. The two Poles came back, and it turned out they were basketball coaches and Red had been rehearsing them for three days in this routine. About the only English one knew was, "Get your passport and come with us," which will not do him a great deal of good if he ever comes to this country.

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And my hands shook for three weeks.

Now I owe that Auerbach one. I *really* owe him one, and I promise you things will happen. I once waited a whole season to give him a loaded cigar; I spent a modest fortune faking him out by giving him good cigars, and I'll get him this time, too.

Anyway, after that "goodwill ambassador" treatment the State Department had given us, I hadn't been expecting it. It was supposed to be a serious trip. We had started out with an ominous briefing in Washington, where Nick Rodis, the athletic affairs attaché, had warned us all. "Beware of spies," he said. "Some Communist countries employ beautiful young girls as agents. They try to get you into compromising situations, secretly photograph you, and then they can blackmail you. I want you to be on the lookout at all times."

We had gone all through Europe, playing a lot of basketball and sort of looking over our shoulders at every gorgeous girl as if she were a spy. None of them so much as looked cross-eyed at us. It got to the point that, finally, as we were standing around the airport waiting to fly back to the States, Pettit stood there and yelled, "Yoo-hoo. Here I am, girls. I am full of U.S. secrets and like that. Won't someone please come and compromise me?" Nobody did.

The next time I see these men everything will have changed. We'll be back in competition again. And basketball competition is my whole life. It is the sweet science. At the risk of sounding like a character out of Louisa May Alcott or like a boy Hayley Mills—basketball has everything I want. Color, action and challenge. It is the big ballet—with muscles. Play it and you find out what the real kicks are in life. Let me put it another way. In basketball a man can become the master of himself. That is why I would recommend it for any youngster today. You learn about yourself as you learn the game. Perhaps at first your motives are selfish, you simply want to be known as the greatest scorer in the world. Teamwork be damned, full me ahead. When I first came to the Celtics eight seasons ago I was an All-America—and suddenly I found myself with a whole team of All-Americas. Cousy and Sharman were getting all the headlines. Why not me or why not all of us? I thought. And then it began to come through to me. If I'm being compensated fairly for what I'm doing, how big a shot can I be? Will headlines give me satisfaction? After a while they become superficial. Take Sam Jones and Frank Ramsey—positively great players. But they never got the individual praise on the Celtics they could have gotten had they played on another team. They could have been top dogs. But they came to grips with reality, and so did I. They learned to be part of a team and—never mind if it sounds seedy—teamwork is the name of life's game. And with all that behind me, basketball began to pay its big personal rewards. There is all the intellectual challenge of chess—played on the run—and I am involved in a thinking man's game.

It is not like football, where the players have that moment for sober reflection in the huddle, a brief break where they can think things through. We have got to think in motion, in terms of split seconds, when everything around us is a blur of changing colors.

It's an absolute wonder I discovered basketball in the first place. I was the clumsiest kid in town when we lived in Union City, N.J. In fact, I'm the only kid I ever knew who fell *upstairs*, and I did it regularly. We lived in a second-floor apartment, and I can remember crashing upstairs after school and my mother coming out to look over the banister, saying, "You all right down there, Tommy?" Finally, after so much of that—it got pretty noisy—she took me aside and said, "All right, now. I'm going to teach you to dance." She did, and I didn't learn much about dancing, but I began to get the hang of moving around like normal people. When we moved to Jersey City I was in the sixth grade and better-coordinated.

In those days if you wanted to play on the school grounds after school you played basketball, and that was all. There were crowds of kids standing around in smelly sneakers waiting to play, and everyone played neighborhood rules: if your team lost it had to step aside—or else move to another playground and wait for another chance to get on the court. It got to be life's biggest goal to stay in there. By the eighth grade I was playing for both CYO and PAL leagues and drew a scholarship to St. Michael's High.

The summer before I went to St. Michael's was the first turning point in my life. (There were two.) At that time the neighborhood hero was Perry Del Purgatorio. He had played for Villanova, and he was more of an idol to the kids than the Green Hornet. Perry spent practically every summer evening that year teaching the playground gang how to play the game, and we got to be buddies. I learned more about basketball fundamentals in those two months than players now get in college. Perry is now the basketball coach at Weehauken High, and players coming out of that school are luckier than they realize.

About the time you think you are getting to know the moves in this game, someone comes along and does everything but undress you on the basketball floor. Standing there under the basket with your hands cupped—and finding that you don't have the ball in them—is a great little old leveler. You can't just stand there and casually whistle; you've got to look around with that unmistakable where-did-the-ball-go expression, which can be spotted in any arena from way up in the general admission seats. In my sophomore year at St. Michael's it happened to me so much that I got to be a master of the double take and could have gone into two-reel comedies. The famous Pat Finnegan of Fordham was the coach at the school, and he was good. So good it wasn't enough for him just to coach the team; he would bring in his grown-up buddies from Hoboken, and we would scrimmage on Saturdays. Pat's brother, John Finnegan, was one of the adults. I was rebounding furiously in those days and regarded every ball as my personal property. But with John in the game I would go up on the backboard, snatch the ball—and I would come down and it would disappear. Poof. I would look around to find out who had it. John Finnegan had it, that's who had it. Finally I had to appeal.

"Mr. Finnegan," I said. "Please show me what you're doing. I'm getting pretty tired of playing with my pants down around my knees. Uh, sir." And Finnegan taught me how to steal a rebound. It is a seldom-used move. Right now I'm about the only guy in the NBA who can do it just this way, and in 1963 it was the move that won the final game for the Celtics in the playoff against the Lakers.

The secret is in the timing. Most re-

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hounders come off the boards in a certain stance. First they have got to find the floor with their feet, and then they bring the ball down sharply. They hold their elbows out to ward everyone off. But then they bring the ball down fast and plant it for just a second against their stomach. It is a lightninglike moment of truth; in another second the ball has been passed off, or else the rebounder has a better grip and you couldn't get the ball away from him with a can opener. But in the moment when he is coming down you catch him on his blind side. Since he swivels his head around, the blind side is the side where he's not looking. You lean in, get your forearm roughly between his arms and your hand close to his stomach. When he swings down with that confident, I've-got-it motion you catch the ball in your palm. He keeps bringing his hands down, but now they're empty; he hasn't got the ball and you have. And the next thing to do is to get out of there as fast as you can.

I practiced this sneaky thing for years and years. In the playoffs at Los Angeles last year—just at the end of the game—Gene Wiley came down off the backboard in just the correct position, feet reaching down for the floor and elbows out. He swung his head away from me, and I leaned in and got the ball. In the next blurring instant everybody was standing there looking up in the air with that where'd-it-go look, and I was looking down because I was the only guy who knew it was on the floor. Shades of John Finnegan! I jumped on it, then figured I'd better shoot, because in a minute everybody was going to be a little teensy bit mad and conk me. Wiley spotted me first, and as I was straightening up he came down on me like a falling building. It was just right: he drew the foul and I got one aching back and two free throws. I sank them both, and we won game, match and title. After the flurry was over I discovered I had made 10 points in the last 10 minutes of the game.

At St. Michael's I developed a soft, one-handed jump shot, and at Holy Cross I started throwing picture-book hooks. That big, looping hook shot is great for college, and it looks fine in photographs for program covers. But try something like that in the pros, and the defense will disassemble you. Since joining the Celtics I've had to develop one new shot every season: one year's specialty is never any good the next year because they're on to it. I shoot a lot of flat-trajectory hookers now on the dead run coming across the basket. It is not exactly the stylized sort of thing that will win any awards for prettiness, but who needs it? I'm hitting about 40%, with it, and that's fine for me.

The way the pros in general, and now the Celtics in particular, play the game it is more than basketball. It is head-'em-off-at-the-pass-and-defense-'em-to-death ball. It is the tight, dogged kind of play that won us eight straight Eastern



THE STARTING FIVE that defends the title surrounds Coach Red Auerbach. Kneeling are Tom Sanders, K. C. and Sam Jones, standing, Heinsohn and Bill Russell.

Division titles and seven of the last eight world championships. The seventh one last year tops anything else ever done in professional sport, including the five straight titles won by the New York Yankees (they play a thing called baseball) in their 1949-to-1953 heyday. In April the Celtics beat Cincinnati four games to one in the semifinals and then beat San Francisco four to one for the title, and that is playing defense. Look at it this way. Cincinnati last season was the best offensive team in the Eastern Division. It finished second. Baltimore was the best offensive team in the Western. It finished fourth in that division.

It wasn't always this way with us. In the Cousy years we were also fast-break offensive specialists under the hand of the greatest playmaker of them all. Cousy was the perfect all-round player. Under the Cooz all you had to do was get into position, and he would hit you with that ball. I learned to run with one hand in the air; Cousy taught me that because he wanted to see where I was at all times. And he could see around corners, up and down, in and out and right through the belly buttons of opposing players. It got me the reputation of being a ball hog and the nickname of "The Gunner," but we won games. When Cousy left after the 1962–63 season everyone said the Celtics would go to ruin. But, conversely, it strengthened us as a team.

Nobody replaced Cousy. K. C. Jones is coming on fast and will replace him in time. But we all had to take a little piece of his leadership, and it welded us together as a stronger team. Everyone felt the added pressure. In fact, we got so fired up we actually looked forward to playing ball without Cousy; we all suddenly had to give more. I had to change my whole style of play—from a shooter and offensive rebounder to a passer and setter-upper of plays. And contrary to what you may have read in the papers, I *do* like to pass the ball. Last season was my best. Not my highest-scoring season but better in all-round play. I've scored more than 10,000 points in my professional career, but I also have 1,161 assists, which reflects our team thinking.

The way the Celtics play ball now isn't complicated. Auerbach took the plot right out of Zane Grey and cowboys and Indians. The idea is to make the offense run the gantlet; everybody takes a whack at him along the way—and waiting there at the end of the gantlet is Bill Russell. That always loosens them up pretty good. We play to our strength. The offensive man is usually so harassed by the time he's made it through the gantlet—I've never seen a college player who had to beat three men to the basket—that when he gets there he figures he has it made. And then he looks straight up into Russell's defensive rib cage, and all his peripheral vision can see is long arms and clawlike fingers curving in toward him, and he knows that what he has made is trouble for himself.

Nowadays we have to play all the angles: steer the ball to the rookies and reserves. Keep it away from the hot-shot regulars. The kids are more nervous and liable to get away a bad shot under the pressure. And Russell gets all the rebounds anyway. Occasionally one of these kids will haul off and win a game, but that is one of the gambles we take.

The league stars give us trouble. Take Pettit: he uses the other members of his team as pawns. You have to watch him and then also watch where he is taking you, because he will very craftily scrub you off on someone and go his way alone. Avoid that trap and catch him as he is going in for a layup—and Pettit is so strong he'll carry you right up with him. He can't be caught with the old John Finnegan on rebounds because he doesn't bring them down; he flicks them off with his fingertips while he is still up there somewhere. Then you solve all those problems, and Pettit will set up a little blockade of Hawks and shoot a little 20-foot jumper from behind them.

In Los Angeles, Elgin Baylor can beat a team all by himself. He has discovered that 20-foot outside shot now—we were afraid sometime someone would tell him about *that* move—and now he is the compleat hoopster. If we can hold him below his average, even by two points, we figure we've had a good night of it with him.

Happily, we gobble up Wilt Chamberlain. He complains about being roughed up—but we would a lot rather make him shoot fouls than field goals. The percentages are better for us from 15 feet than two feet. We wouldn't do the same to the league hot shots in foul shooting, say Tom Meschery of the Warriors, or Larry Costello and Hal Greer of Philadelphia.

continued

Still Strictly A Family Affair

by
Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.,
President
Old Fitzgerald
Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
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After more than 60 years as Preaident of our family distillery, my father, the long-time editor of these familiar columns, assumes the title of "Senior Proprietor".

As a rugged independent of the old-fashioned Kentucky Sour Maah School, he prefers this title to the customary "Chairman of the Board".

"Chairmen," he claims, "are on the last step up the ladder. *Senior Proprietors* are on the rung after that!"

Now, in a gesture both modest and generous, he hands his pen to me to acquaint you with *two* promotions, his *and* mine. After mnre than a quarter-century under hia direction, "aged-in-the-wood and bottle-ripe", he now names me OLD FITZGERALD's President.

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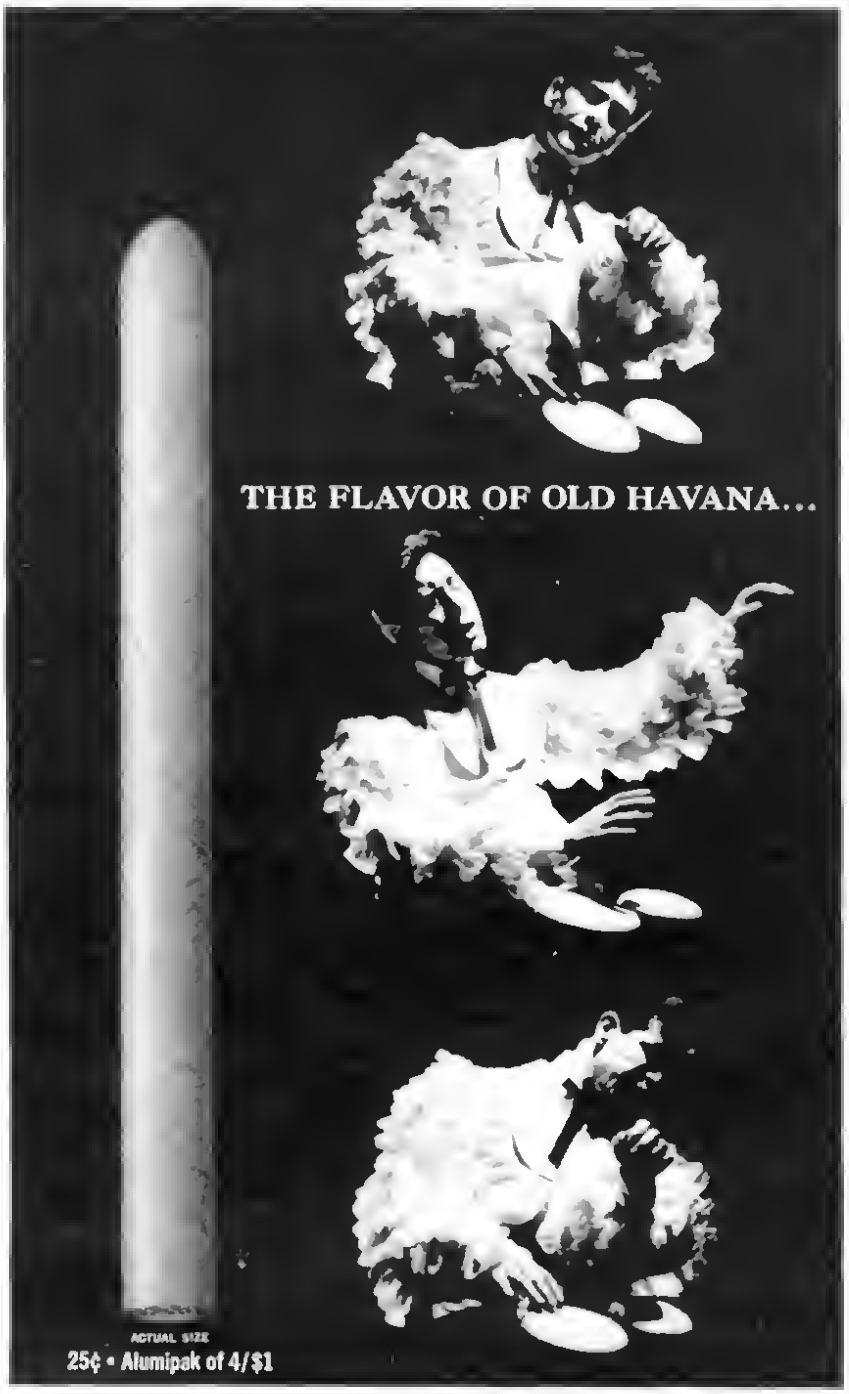
Thus, as one of a dwindling handful of Kentucky independents, our modest country distillery remains, now as always, "strictly a family affair."

And so committed are we to the best tradition of old-fashioned Kentucky sour mash that our OLD FITZGERALD recipe remains today as it waa three fathers-and-sons ago.

With my father's pen now in hand, I assure you it will always be so. Whatever change the future may bring, there will be no compromise of famous OLD FITZGERALD quality.

In the words of our newly-appointed Senior Proprietor: "We invite you to join an Inner Circle of the Bourbon Elite who have discovered the everlaating goodness of our OLD FITZGERALD, and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends."

Kentucky Straight Bourbon
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To obtain this handsome imported German Silver cigar piercer

[illegible] pocket-size mail band or printed cellophane wrapper from any Gold Label cigar with $1.00 to Gold Label Dept. S-2 Box 2678 Tampa, Fla

Finally, there is Detroit's Terry Dischinger. It's funny—he's not big, not strong and he is a picture-book shooter. But he has all the moves of Baylor and one thing more—absolute speed. Terry can beat any big human and probably a pack of greyhounds. If I could stop Pettit cold, if I was the greatest defender in the league against Baylor, I couldn't stop Dischinger. Our solution—send a little man out there to harry him and bark at his heels, try to keep him out of the gantlet and make him shoot from outside. It doesn't work, but that's the solution anyway.

So that is what the Celtics face this season. We are all getting old—not tired, just old. Out of 12 men who won the title last year, Clyde Lovellette, Jack McCarthy, Jim Loscutoff and Frank Ramsey are gone. We're going in with Bill Russell, the Jones boys (K. C. and Sam), Willie Naulls, Larry Siegfried, Tom Sanders, John Havlicek and Heinsohn. We've got one draftee, Oregon State's Mel Counts, off playing in the Olympics. If our plans work out, he's our big man to draw the defense out and take some of the pressure off Russell.

In the old days when things got tough we could go to the bench and open up a new can of players. We haven't got that advantage anymore.

And that's how the Celtics can be beat this year. This is the year, for example, that Cincinnati could run us ragged with Oscar Robertson and all those reserves. When we played them last season, we figured they were just a couple of good men away from being perfect—and now this year they've got them. Watch the Royals this season. Don't bet on them against the Celtics; just watch them.

As the wonderful agony begins for 1964–65, I sometimes wonder why I do it. I've got an insurance business going on the side, and it is starting to grow nicely. Selling insurance fulfills me, in a way, like basketball. But basketball keeps calling me back. I suppose I'll play until I can't keep up with the kids any longer. I've been embroiled in interleague fights as the player-spokesman, and I had a running war with the late Walter Brown over player pensions, and there was a time when we weren't even speaking. Yet he was the fairest man I ever knew on contracts. I asked for, and got, a raise every year, and there were never any holdouts on the Celtics. I don't think Walter Brown ever took more than 10 minutes

continued

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Sample it.

You'll find it smooth and satisfying. So very smooth, so very satisfying, that Johnnie Walker Red is the world's largest-selling Scotch whisky.

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What do you mean, "Every style is 'wear-tested' "? The pair of Jarmans you try on has not been worn, of course. But the original model of that pair of shoes was "wear-tested" – actually worn under ordinary day-to-day conditions. Adjustments and alterations were made, finally bringing it up to Jarman's strict standards, and *only then* was it approved for production. As a result, the finished product has a wonderful "friendliness of fit" you just can't get in other shoes. See your Jarman dealer for a wide selection of shoes for every occasion – all "wear-tested" to fit with more comfort.

Available at Jarman dealers throughout the country. Also Jarman Jrs. for boys.

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Left: J5121 (also in golden brown)... $19.95
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Right: J4179 (also in other colors)... $19.95
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to sign a player. Frank Ramsey used to sign a blank contract at the end of the season and leave it in Brown's office—"Brown knows how much I'm worth," he would say. Brown would fill in the blanks and send it to Ramsey in Kentucky. All the others signed as easily.

"Mr. Brown," I used to say as an opener, "you have always been more than fair with me. . . ."

"Dammit, Heinsohn," Brown would bark, "how much do you want?" We always came to terms quickly—once while standing side by side in the men's room of a downtown Boston restaurant.

It gets harder and harder to get up for each game. The surge and sound of the crowd and the splash of color and the familiar smells of the dressing rooms aren't enough anymore. Every game night during the season I sit there on the training table with all my torn and ripped ligaments, and while Buddy is taping me back together I think about what I am going to do. Across the room, behind the swinging door, Bill Russell is hunched over and is throwing up in the toilet. He has himself keyed to the pitch that when he throws up before a game he is really ready.

"Who are you playing tonight?" I ask myself. "Wilt Chamberlain? That Wilt. Remember the last time. He outfaked me and embarrassed me in front of all those people. Remember?" And then I pretend to get madder and madder at Wilt until I start to feel pretty ferocious. But a cooler, portioned-off section inside my head says, "Come on, Heinsohn. Who do you think you are kidding? You're not mad. Not really. You know what you are doing to yourself." But I manage to block off that sensible section and go on and on getting myself fired up until we run out on the court and I look like I've got one eyebrow growing right across the top of my forehead and my face is a storm.

"That Heinsohn," they say in the stands. "Now, there is one *mean* guy. The meanest you ever saw."

But really, Heinsohn is not all that mean. I am intent. I am caught up in the swirl of basketball, and I am a man feeding on it because it fires me full of pride and satisfaction. To me it is science—my kind of science—on a dead run, and I am learning to be master of myself. Mean? Not me.

After all, ask any little old white-haired lady. END



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The Incomparable Sabreliner was designed and built by North American Aviation—the company that has designed and built over 10,000 jet aircraft... more than any other company in the world. North American is also the company that built the world's most reliable experimental aircraft—the X-15.

If you do know someone who owns a Sabreliner—a number already are in executive service—you probably know about this incomparable jet. However, if you would like the full story (devoid of an owner's understandable superlatives), please write the Sabreliner distributor: Rembert-Werner, Inc., Dept. 910, Lambert Field, St. Louis, Missouri 63145.

THE INCOMPARABLE SABRELINER
BY NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION

THE PACK CLOSES ON BOSTON

This year, as last, the Celtics are saying they will be stronger because they are weaker. They were right in 1963, but now most of the other pro basketball teams are vastly improved. The San Francisco Warriors may have solved their one problem, and Cincinnati is primed to pop

Drawings by FRANK MULLINS

THE PHILADELPHIA 76ERS still have the NBA's fastest pair of guards in Hal Greer and Larry Costello (*keying a fast break, below*). But their speed is wasted when Philadelphia's defensive rebounding fails, as it did so often last year. Two husky rookies are expected to correct this deficiency. Ira Harge and Lucious Jackson can stop rivals from getting those annoying second and third shots at the basket. Johnny Kerr is 32, has played in 754 straight games over 10 years and needs rest frequently; his pivot replacements are not adequate.





THE NEW YORK KNICKS believe they have solved their perennial big-man problem with Willis Reed (19), rebounding here against Boston. Though it is doubtful that he can handle the Russells and Chamberlains, his presence—and that of Jim Barnes—does bring some long-needed power up front. Even if Art Heyman begins to fulfill his promise, the backcourt will need a consistent shooter; Heyman, Tom Gola, John Egan and Howie Komives can do everything else. At every position the scoring must pick up or the Knicks will be last in the East again.

CONTINUED



THE BALTIMORE BULLETS have a new coach, Buddy Jeannette, and hope to find a playmaker to set up their very strong front line. At left: Jeannette plans a workout with his two top candidates, Si Green and rookie Wally Jones. Though neither shoots well, starter Don Ohl does. This should be the most improved team in the league. The corners and pivot are a match for anyone, with Walt Bellamy, Bailey Howell, Gus Johnson and at least four strong subs.

THE BOSTON CELTICS start the same five as last year but have lost four from the traditionally strong Boston bench. John Havlicek (*shooting against the Knicks, opposite*) will have to replace all of the missing four, and he is capable of doing it. Since there never was an adequate back-up man for Bill Russell, it matters little if tall rookie Mel Counts can—or cannot—do the job so long as Russell is not hurt. With him, this will always be the team to beat.

THE CINCINNATI ROYALS are excited by the evidence in preseason games that Jerry Lucas is becoming more offense-conscious. They won 12 of 14 exhibitions, Lucas, as usual, teaming superbly with Oscar Robertson. Below: he grabs a defensive rebound and flips to Oscar to start a fast break, a typical Royals maneuver. Adrian Smith is also showing increased offensive skill and will be a regular starter this year. Tops in scoring, Cincy is confident of taking the Celtics this time.

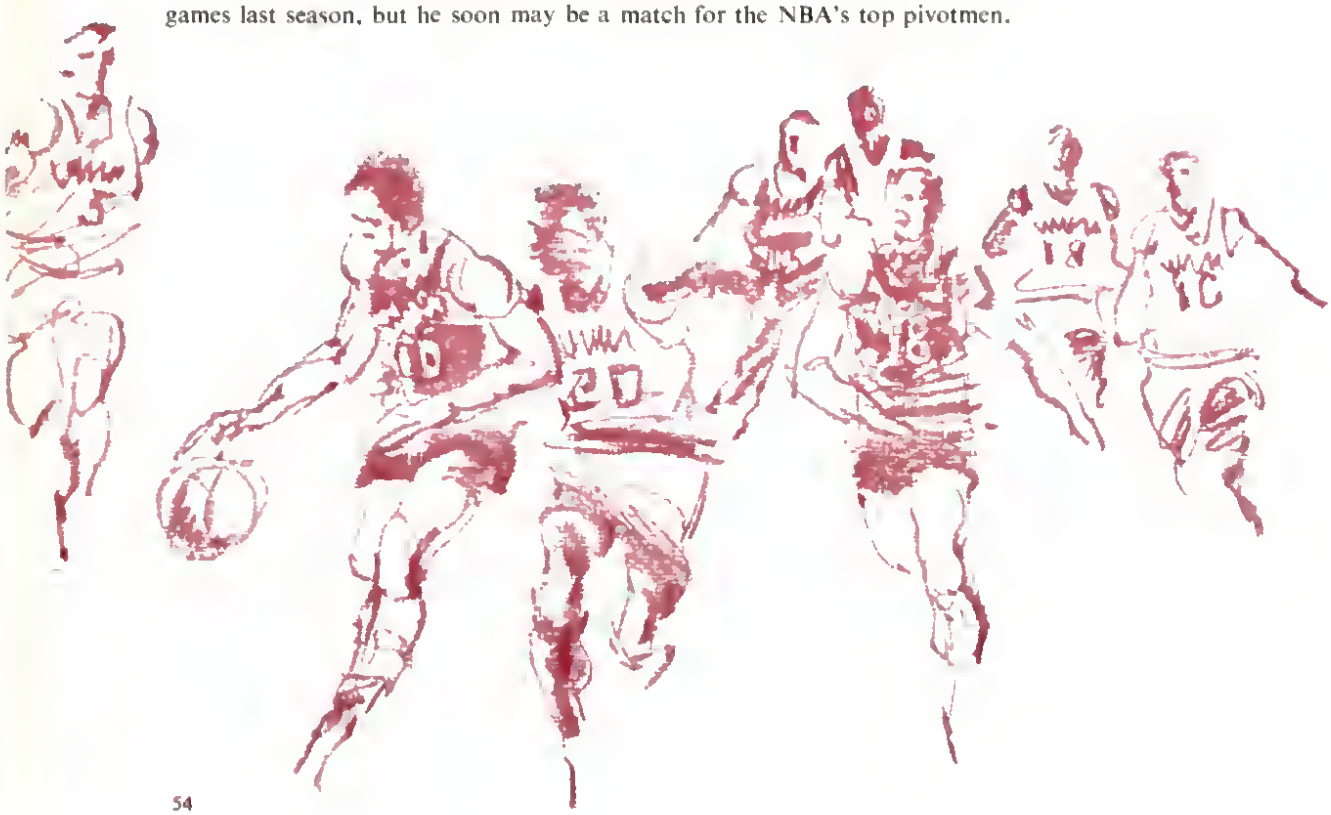


CONTINUED



THE LOS ANGELES LAKERS still lean heavily on the one-two punch of Elgin Baylor and Jerry West. Their best new men provide help where it seems least needed: even as good a playmaker as Walt Hazzard can only substitute for West, and a shooter like Cotton Nash cannot replace Dick Barnett. Up front, Rudy LaRusso is a strong rebounder and defender, but LeRoy Ellis is erratic. Darrall Imhoff may help Gene Wiley at the pivot, but neither is outstanding. Baylor's knees are a big question; he applied heat to them (*right*) every half time during exhibition games.

THE DETROIT PISTONS may have drafted the year's top rookie in strong, quick Joe Caldwell, but they needed every bit of help they could get. With Caldwell, Terry Dischinger, Rod Thorn, Ray Scott, Reggie Harding and Dave DeBusschere, this will be a young team, weak on defense and rebounding, but very fast. It will try a new, fast-break offense. Below: Thorn (10) and Dischinger lead a charge up court. Harding had no college experience and played only 39 games last season, but he soon may be a match for the NBA's top pivotmen.





THE ST. LOUIS HAWKS have the deepest and one of the best backcourts in the league: Richie Guerin, Len Wilkens, rookie Jeff Mullins, Chico Vaughn and John Barnhill. At the corners there is strength and size, with Bob Pettit, Cliff Hagan, Bill Bridges, Mike Farmer, Paul Silas and John Tresvant, but Hagan is still a spurt shooter and Pettit must start slowing down soon. The real problem, however, is the pivot; there is no one behind Zelmo Beaty, and Beaty (*shooting above against the Pistons*) has only been "promising" so far.

CONTINUED

THE SAN FRANCISCO WARRIORS have the biggest and one of the toughest front lines: Wilt Chamberlain (if he is well), Nate Thurmond, Wayne Hightower and Tom Meschery. They all can score and rebound, and Guy Rodgers is a fine playmaker. What the Warriors always have lacked is good outside shooting, to keep the defense from collapsing around Wilt, and they may have found it in rookies Barry Kramer and Bud Koper. In his first day of practice with the team, Koper (*shooting below against the Lakers*) hit 30 in a row. **END**





Four great masculine fragrances. The Yardley one is brand new.

It's called Yardley Black Label After Shave. It does not smell like flowers. It does not smell like spice.

It does not smell like anything your wife would wear. (She'll love it. But she won't steal it.)

Black Label is a vigorous, pungent fragrance, designed for the modern man.

We've instilled it in an after shave that does the most possible good for your skin. (Helps heal nicks, prevent infection. Keeps skin lubricated, moist, comfortable after shaving.)

If you'd like to try it, buy a bottle. ($1 plus tax.) Use it for a couple of weeks. If you don't like it—send it back and we'll return your money.

We won't be mad. Just surprised. **Yardley**



If the world looked like this,
and you wanted to buy a car that sticks out a little,
you probably wouldn't buy a Volkswagen Station Wagon.
But in case you haven't noticed, the world doesn't look like this.
So if you've wanted to buy a car that sticks out a little,
you know just what to do.

"It is quite possible," said an official Soviet release on the rise of **Aleksei Nikolaevich Kosygin** to the Russian premiership, "that 60-year-old Kosygin owes his ability to work to his devotion to sport. In summer he does not refuse to play volleyball or in winter to go skiing and skating. On a Sunday, he may spend several hours at a skating rink."

After reviewing the case of the Yankees vs the Cardinals in New York, Chief Justice **Earl Warren** adjourned to a local refreshment stand and lamented having to miss New York's third World Series game because his Supreme Court was reconvening in Washington. "Suppose," someone supposed, "the Washington Senators had won the pennant. Wouldn't you have recessed court until the Series was over?" Pondering his precedents, the Chief Justice advised, "I do not believe the court will have to make such a decision during my lifetime."

His Young Highness, **Prince Albert** of Monaco, a robust 6-year-old, romped out on the field at Monte Carlo's Louis II Stadium in an informal debut as a soccer player (*below*). Albert's princely parents may not have thought to warn him, but if tough old Jack Kelly had been around you can bet he would have told his grandson that one of the best ways to lose a royal tongue is to stick it out in a football game.



Because a visiting sportswriter made a joke, a rumor got started that Buffalo Bill Quarterback **Jack Kemp** was refusing to hand off to Running Back **Cookie Gilchrist** because they were on opposite sides of the political fence. Since Republican Kemp had been accused by at least one critic of handing off to Democrat Cookie too often, the rumor didn't make much sense but it was noisy enough to draw indignant denials from both outraged partisans last week. "Sure, I'm for Goldwater," said Kemp reproachfully, "but Cookie and I are the best of friends. We respect each other's opinions." Gilchrist was equally firm. "Jack is a pro," he snapped, "and a pro would hand off to Castro."

What may be the most expensively seductive Italian imports since Sophia Loren arrived in midtown Manhattan last week. Italy's slickest boat builder, **Carlos Riva,** opened his New York showroom. Steering a deft course through a sea of beautiful prospective clients, the jet-set Gar Wood explained how everybody who is anybody on the Mediterranean is finding *la dolce vita* on Riva boats that range upward from $8,990 for a cute little 20-footer. "We make a boat to look like a beautiful woman," he said with a knowing wink that made boating sound downright wicked, "but to be strong like a man, eh?"

Senatorial Candidate **George Murphy** may think he has the sportsman's vote pretty well tied up in California because his father was head coach of a U.S. Olympic team. But Murphy's opponent, incumbent Senator **Pierre Salinger,** boasts an athletic distinction of even greater rarity. A Salinger backer (?) disclosed last week that powerhouse Pierre won a World War II Navy boxing match by a knockout. According to his eyewitness report, Salinger launched a roundhouse wallop of such prodigious sincerity that it missed his opponent completely, went the full route and landed on Pierre's own chin, thus making him the only boxer in service history to KO himself.

All was sun and games in Jordan at **King Hussein**'s Florida-type water carnival in Aqaba until the Israel air force showed up. A team of visiting aquabats from Cypress Gardens were there to mingle with the native Aqabans, and the King himself jumped on water skis to greet them, raising one skied foot in salute as he sped past the grandstand. Then two Israeli pilots a grenade's throw from the border decided to drop over and have a look. Jordan responded to this unseemly curiosity by calling out a squadron of its own royal air force to chase them away. But by the time the Jordanians were in the air the Israelis had departed. "We have a fine air force," said the happy King as peace broke out once again at his carnival, "and a great tourist potential."

Nigeria's Commercial Consul in the U.S., somber-suited **Aggrey K. Oji** (*below*), and his pretty wife Udo seemed to take their nation's pugilistic reverses with diplomatic aplomb. But Oji's aide, **Ifeanyi Brooks,** looked as startled at the defeat of his old friend **Dick Tiger** by America's **Joey Archer** as the rest of the crowd at Madison Square Garden was by Brooks's native costume—a dazzling robe of bright pink stitched with gold. "Something's funny," he mumbled in disbelief as he wafted his way like a bright-pink thundercloud back to Tiger's dressing room, and New York's ride boxing fans snickered agreement.

Former Heavyweight Champion **Rocky Marciano** lost a rematch with his gardener last week. A Fort Lauderdale, Fla. judge awarded the decision to Gardener **Cooper Kirk,** who collected the $706 purse he had won in an earlier bout with the Rock in civil court. Pugilist Marciano, who owed Landscaper Kirk the money for mowing the lawn, was told to pay up or face 30 days in the county jail.

A dedicated hot rodder, young (21) Prince **Panya Alain Souvanna Phouma,** son of the Premier of Laos, intends someday to be the first Laotian to compete for the world driving championship. On a recent trip to the U.S. he ordered a brand-new Cobra and flew off to Paris with the word that he would be competing at Le Mans next spring.



Some Arkansas proof of the law of gravity

The Texas Longhorns, winners of 15 straight games, had been the nation's top-ranked team for almost two years, but the Razorbacks demonstrated that what goes up must come down

For four burdensome weeks a sign in the dressing room of the No. 1-ranked University of Texas had read: THEY SAY WHAT GOES UP MUST COME DOWN—BUT WHO SAYS WHEN? Well, Arkansas said. Last Saturday night in Austin, in a football game replete with heroism, frenzy and suspense, the Longhorns surrendered their throne reluctantly but gallantly to the deserving Razorbacks by a score of 14–13. It is only partly true that Arkansas won when Texas gambled on a two-point conversion try and failed in the final minute and 27 seconds. Actually, Arkansas won all night long, to the astonished regret of 66,000 spectators.

Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles finally defeated his good friend and rival, Darrell Royal, in the Southwest Conference's annual big game because his Razorbacks played mistake-free football. They were quick, alert and poised, and they pressed Texas into slight errors on two critical plays. A pass from Texas Quarterback Marv Kristynik to Halfback Hix Green for an attempted conversion after a violent, final-period comeback by Royal's team was just inches too low. When it hit the Memorial Stadium turf incomplete, so did Royal. He knelt, placed his thumb and forefinger between his eyes and stared into the night, frozen, stunned and perhaps relieved. Across the field Broyles was exultant—it was only the second time in seven years that he had beaten Texas and Royal. "The greatest victory in the history of Arkansas," he said.



SETTING UP UPSET, Arkansas Halfback Jim Lindsey sweeps end for eight yards before being tackled by Barney Giles (68) of Texas. Lindsey's running led to the second Razorback score.

Kristynik's pass was one of those slight errors. The other occurred early in the fourth quarter when a Texas lineman wearily failed to get off the field on an Arkansas punt with the score tied 7–7. Texas had just scored on a 46-yard drive and would have had the ball again at its own 40—"with momentum," said Royal. But the penalty against Texas for having 12 men on the field permitted Arkansas to keep possession and set up a march that ended in a 34-yard touchdown pass from Fred Marshall to End Bobby Crockett.

While the missed two-point conversion and the extra man on the field combined to destroy Texas, there was a third play midway in the second quarter that set the tone. With the score 0–0, Texas' Ernie Koy, a magnificent player who crashed through Arkansas for 110 yards, punted high and far. Ken Hatfield, whose specialties are punt returns (he led the U.S. last year) and dating Miss America runner-up Karen Carlson, caught the ball on his 19-yard line with burnt-orange jerseys pouring down on him. One tackler missed, then another and, suddenly, Hatfield had an alley right past the Arkansas bench. He was gone, 81 yards and a touchdown.

"He's done that for them for three years," Royal said. "You let up for an instant against a good team, and it costs you. They blocked better than we covered, that's all."

Said Broyles, "In a game between two good teams, something like Hatfield's return has to happen to give one of them that something extra. It carried us in the second and third quarters when we made only one first down. Before the game we thought we could win if we could get some mistakes from Texas, no matter how small. We barely got them, and we barely won."

For years now, Arkansas and Texas have resembled one another, even if Arkansas has failed to win as often. Like

Texas, Arkansas' players are lean, fiery types who bounce up after each play, spring from the huddle and pursue ball-carriers in such numbers that it appears whole fraternities have climbed out of the stands. The major difference between the two teams this year, and last Saturday, is that Broyles has embraced the forward pass with more fondness than Royal. He has added the I-slot formation and placed all his trust in a throwing quarterback, Fred Marshall.

"I just believe you've got to be able to throw nowadays," said Broyles. "Texas is the only team I know of that can win without exceptional passing, because they have great timing and they block and tackle so well. They were a great football team on those two fourth-quarter drives, you know."

Darrell Royal's ideas of passing are unchanged this year, however. "A quarterback has just two jobs," Royal says. "He has to move the ball and get it across the alumni stripe (goal line), and any way he can do it is all right." For years Royal's Texas quarterbacks (Kristynik is typical; he was a guard his junior year in Bay City High School) have been laughed at by the pro scouts, but they have been good enough to make Royal the best coach in the land. They have been alert, smart and gutty.

"I don't dislike the pass as much as I've let on," Darrell admits. "I've gone out of my way to make fun of passing because people seem to expect it of me and it's become a joke."

Texas' loss to Arkansas will not change Royal's mind about passing, even if it was a missed pass that did him in. "Kristnyik did a fine job of taking us in there," said Royal. "I was proud that with all the pressure in the world on 'em, they got the touchdown that would have tied the game. The question was not whether to try for two—when you're on top you try to stay there or learn how other folks live—but what play to use. I guess I called a bad one—a pass."

Royal was the first visitor in Arkansas' rowdy dressing room, and he said to his conquerors, "You have a great team and earned it. I hope you bring another national championship to the Southwest Conference, but—remember—we'll be right behind you to pick up everything you drop."

And then while Frank Broyles assumed the burden of the unbeaten that the Texas coach had carried through 15 games, Darrell Royal retired to his own dressing room to think up a new slogan.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. OHIO STATE (4-0) 2. NOTRE DAME (4-0) 3. NEBRASKA (4-0)

OHIO STATE's Woody Hayes, still anguished by last year's 32–3 shellacking by USC, was feeling devilish when he sent his Bucks out to play the Trojans before 84,315 in sun-drenched Ohio Stadium. Rarely have Woody's boys played such wide-open football. Quarterback Don Unverferth threw 17 times (he completed eight for 79 yards and one touchdown) and the Ohio State halfbacks ran tricky counter plays and power sweeps. But, when it really mattered, wily old Woody had State play old-fashioned football. Fullback Will Sander found a home in USC's sagging middle and thundered through it 29 times for 120 yards. The Bucks held the ball for almost seven minutes on the way to their first touchdown, a two-yard slash by Sander. Another time they had it for 9½ minutes before Bob Funk kicked a 24-yard field goal. What tickled Hayes most, however, was his stout defense, led by Linebackers Tom Bugel and Dwight Kelley. It keyed on fast USC Halfback Mike Garrett, never letting him get away, and held the freewheeling Trojans to 64 yards rushing. Final score: 17–0. Chortling like a schoolboy who has just discovered bubble gum, Woody said: "I wanted this one. Boy, you'll never know how much."

Now everybody in the Big Ten knows that Ohio State is the team to beat for the title, and maybe even for the national championship. But the rest of the Big Ten picture is confused. ILLINOIS survived against Minnesota, winning 14–0, but Michigan, Michigan State and Iowa went down hard in upsets. PURDUE went after Michigan's young backs with a rowdy defense and dropped the Wolverines 21–20 when Bob Timberlake's two-point gamble failed. INDIANA shrugged off Steve Juday's 16-for-20 passing and outscored Michigan State 27–20. WISCONSIN, moving solidly on the ground, defeated Iowa 31–21. Northwestern was surprised, too, by Mid-American's MIAMI, 28–27.

NOTRE DAME, it seems, does have a weakness after all. It misses extra points. But that is about all the steamed-up Irish missed in a 24–0 victory over UCLA. Quarterback Johnny Huarte threw two touchdown passes, End Jack Snow caught six tosses for 124 yards, and the bruising pro-type Notre Dame defense shut the Bruins off with 66 yards on the ground.

KANSAS Coach Jack Mitchell was a mess when he met the press late last Saturday. He had been thrown in the shower by his players, and he had a cut across the bridge of his nose, acquired when he stepped in to stop a fist-swinging melee on the field. But Mitchell was grinning like a cat. His Jayhawkers had just beaten Oklahoma 15–14, scoring on the first and last plays of the game. Halfback Gale Sayers ran the opening kickoff back 93 yards, Quarterback Bobby Skahan sprinted 26 yards on a busted play in the final second and Mike Johnson ran for the winning two-point conversion.

Despite Kansas' sudden affluence, the Jayhawkers are not the best team in the Big Eight. That has to be NEBRASKA, which throttled Kansas State 47–0 for its fifth straight.



JERRY RHOME

BACK OF THE WEEK: Tulsa Quarterback Jerry Rhome had the night of his life against Louisville. He passed for seven touchdowns and two extra points, ran for two more scores to lead a 58–0 rout of the surprised Cardinals. All told Rhome was responsible for 56 points.



RICK REDMAN

LINEMAN OF THE WEEK: Rick Redman, 220-pound Washington corner linebacker, was all hands and feet against Stanford. He was the nub of a savage Husky defense that prodded the frustrated Indians into six fumbles. Redman also averaged 43 yards on six booming punts.

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. SYRACUSE (4-1) 2. VILLANOVA (5-0) 3. PITT (2-2-1)

When SYRACUSE's shifty Floyd Little, cleverly setting up his blockers with a neat change of direction, ran back a Penn State punt 71 yards for a touchdown in the first quarter, it seemed that the Orange was in for a pleasant afternoon at University Park. But State's Frank Hershey intercepted two Syracuse passes, and the Lions led 14–7 at half time. Then Coach Ben Schwartzwalder, who is well aware of his team's limitations, made a sensible decision. "We just decided to do what we do best," he said later, "and that is run with the ball." Syracuse threw only once in the second half, but Fullback Jim Nance charged

continued

up the middle, Little probed the tackles and soon it was a tie game. It could have ended that way but Penn State gambled for a victory and lost. With 3:30 left, Syracuse's Roger Smith intercepted Gary Wydman's pass and ran 38 yards to the State 22. Only 37 seconds remained when Quarterback Walley Mahle went over from the four to win for Syracuse 21–14.

While the other major eastern independents had a harrowing time around the country, little VILLANOVA prospered at home. The unbeaten Wildcats trounced Delaware 34–0. BOSTON COLLEGE, for the first time in memory, did not throw a single pass against Cincinnati. But the Eagles, running out of an unbalanced line, won 10–0. RUTGERS overtook Penn 10–7 on Halfback Rolf Stegmann's 51-yard run. Colgate, however, lost to PRINCETON 9–0.

YALE, the other Ivy League favorite, had its hands full with COLUMBIA. The Elis barely managed to salvage a 9–9 tie. HARVARD took advantage of a Cornell fumble and a 104-yard run with a pass interception by John Dockery to beat the Big Red 16–0. DARTMOUTH defeated Brown 24–14

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. ALABAMA (5-0) 2. LSU (4-0) 3. FLORIDA STATE (5-0)

For half the game last Saturday, GEORGIA TECH looked like a grammar school team. Auburn pushed the Jackets around shamefully—they had only one first down and no pass completions—but all Auburn had for its efforts was a 28-yard field goal by Don Lewis. Then Tech came alive. Jerry Priesly hit Mike Fortier with four passes, the last one for the score that won the game 7–3.

LSU Coach Charley McClendon's eyes popped when Kentucky's Rodger Bird ran through his Bengals for 76 yards on the first play of the game. As it turned out, that was Kentucky's only thrill of the night. LSU pulled even on Don Schwab's one-yard plunge, went ahead on Doug Moreau's 31-yard field goal (his first of two) and wrapped it up 27–7 when White Graves intercepted one of Rick Norton's passes and went 99 yards for a touchdown.

ALABAMA had a punt blocked by Tennessee, and Coach Bear Bryant was upset. It was the first time it had happened to one of his teams since he was at Texas A&M. Tennessee Coach Doug Dickey was more upset. 'Bama blocked two of his punts and won the game 19–8. But Alabama will have to be much sharper next week. FLORIDA warmed up for Bryant's boys by whomping South Carolina 35–0. The Gators put such pressure on Quarterback Dan Reeves that one of his six pass completions went for a safety. MISSISSIPPI, still having troubles, barely got by happy Tulane 14–9, but MISSISSIPPI STATE smashed Southern Mississippi 48–7.

The South was no place for an eastern team last week. Army started fast against VIRGINIA as Rollie Stichweh picked up a fumbled pitchout and ran 75 yards for a touchdown. Then came the deluge. Quarterbacks Bob Davis and Tom Hodges passed for three scores, Halfback Carroll Jarvis ran for two, and Virginia upset the shocked Cadets 35–14. PITT should have had a breeze against MIAMI, but the Panthers had to settle for a 20–20 tie when Jimmy Jones missed the extra point after Eric Crabtree's 67-yard touchdown run in the last period.

MARYLAND's Tom Nugent had spent most of the season scaring people to death but rarely winning. Last week soccer player Bernardo Bramson's 27-yard field goal and two late goal-line stands upset North Carolina 10–9. DUKE, staying mostly on the ground, trimmed North Carolina State 35–3.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. ARKANSAS (5-0) 2. TEXAS (4-1) 3. TEXAS TECH (3-2)

While Arkansas was busy upsetting Texas, BAYLOR was doing the same to Texas Tech, 28–10. Tech's headaches began when it fumbled a punt attempt on its own three-yard line late in the second quarter. Baylor got the ball, scored and kept right on rolling, mostly on the runs of Fullback Tom Davies and passes of sophomore Quarterback Terry Southall. SMU and RICE spent the whole first half punting the ball back and forth before Walt McReynolds passed 23 yards to Billy Hale for a touchdown. Larry Rice kicked the extra point—which was more than John Cravens could do after SMU's touchdown. Rice won 7–6. TCU and Texas A&M had both lost all their games, but in the big showdown it was TCU 14–9.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. OREGON (5-0) 2. OREGON STATE (4-1) 3. USC (3-2)

What had been billed as a wide-open pitching duel between CALIFORNIA'S Craig Morton and Navy's Roger Staubach looked more like the seventh game of the World Series as Cal led 6–5 at half time. Morton had been swallowed up by Navy's blitzing linebackers, while Staubach, gimping about on an ailing ankle, had played only part time. Suddenly, in the third quarter, Morton began to hit. He threw to Jerry Mosher and Tom Blanchfield for touchdowns, and the Bears romped 27–13. What happened? "Well, they were flooding their linebackers over the center, and we weren't picking up their stunts," explained Cal Tackle Ron Calegari. "So in the second half we blocked areas instead of men and stopped them."

It was no day for shiny offenses at Palo Alto. WASHINGTON preferred to play it cozy and give the ball to Fullback Junior Coffey, who thrust up the middle for 117 yards. Meanwhile the grim Husky defense rarely let Stanford's Lee Handley, the nation's leading rusher, out of its grasp. But Washington's darting little Steve Bramwell livened things up. His 34-yard punt return in the second quarter put the Huskies on the Stanford 23, and Coffey hammered away until he scored for a 6–0 victory.

The scent of roses, however, was growing strong in Oregon. At Eugene OREGON'S Bob Berry threw three more touchdown passes (he now has 12), and the undefeated Ducks took Arizona 21–0 for their fifth straight. At Corvallis OREGON STATE had a tougher time with Idaho, but Steve Clark's 22-yard field goal beat the Vandals 10–7 for the Beavers' fourth in a row.

WYOMING buried Texas Western's Miners with their good passing, 20–6. Air Force used 16 different defenses and even put 10 men on the line against MISSOURI, but nothing helped. Missouri won 17–7. **END**

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Army over Duke. Slumping Army is due for a good game, undefeated Duke a bad one.

Alabama over Florida. Two strong teams. Namath's passing will decide it.

Notre Dame over Stanford. The Irish are stronger up front, smoother on the attack.

Michigan over Minnesota.* Minnesota yields too easily to stop Michigan.

Oklahoma State over Kansas. The surprising Cowboys will shock Kansas, too.

Texas over Rice. The Longhorns can bounce back against the phlegmatic Owls.

California over USC. USC has the runners, but Cal has the passing.

Oregon over Washington. Berry's throwing will beat the landlocked Huskies.

Syracuse over Oregon State. State cannot contain Nance and Little, too.

Illinois over UCLA. Another tough week for UCLA. The Illini hit hard.

OTHER GAMES

AMHERST OVER WESLEYAN
BOSTON COLLEGE OVER AIR FORCE
FLORIDA STATE OVER VIRGINIA TECH
LSU OVER TENNESSEE*
MIAMI (OHIO) OVER OHIO U.
NEBRASKA OVER COLORADO
N. CAROLINA STATE OVER VIRGINIA
PITT OVER NAVY
PURDUE OVER IOWA
WYOMING OVER ARIZONA

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LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS

12 RIGHT, 5 WRONG
SEASON'S RECORD: 59–43–1

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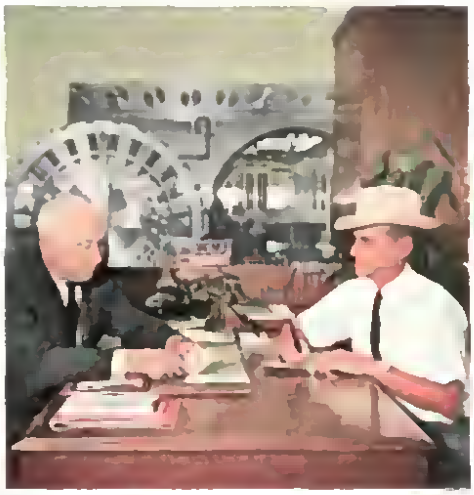
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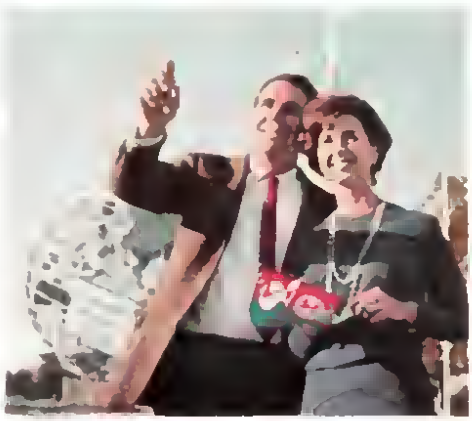
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FRANCIS GOLDEN

Too many weekend golfers think they should try to hit their short approaches close to the hole on the fly with a pitching wedge when they would be far better advised to play one of the game's oldest and soundest shots—the pitch-and-run. It is not hard to learn, and once mastered it can—given the proper conditions—be an extraordinarily useful and satisfying shot. The proper conditions are encountered very often: windy days, hard greens and ,or a flat golf course.

The main reason for not shooting right at the flagstick with the wedge is that, while the results can often be spectacular, they are often spectacularly dismal. It is simply a very difficult shot to execute successfully. The pitch-and-run, on the other hand, can be equally successful at its best, and is rarely a disaster at its worst.

The basic thing to keep in mind about the pitch-and-run, of course, is that the ball is going to roll a long distance. It must be played to land on flat ground. It can be hit with a wedge—by closing the face and playing the ball well back toward the right foot—but best results are usually achieved with a seven- or eight-iron. Play the ball at about the middle of the stance and choke down on the grip two inches or so as shown at left. Take an upright, short backswing and concentrate on meeting the ball firmly. The club should hit the ball before hitting the grass, or the necessary crispness and control will be lost. Until you have practiced the shot enough to see how it behaves, it is probably wise to hit it harder than you think necessary. You are not likely to be penalized severely if the ball does go past the hole

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WINNING PLAY Nick Pietrosante (33), Detroit Lions fullback, dives over from 1 yard line to score in last minute of game at Tiger Stadium Nov. 28, 1963. Touchdown and extra point tied Green Bay Packers 13-13, kept them from winning NFL Western Div. title

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'Wahoo! Wahoo! Wahoo!'

So chant the proliferating Jet fans in praise of their new linebacker, Ed McDaniel, who has superseded Sam Huff as a New York folk hero

It began on Saturday, Sept. 12, 1964, the first time he was introduced in Shea Stadium. While the public address system was still booming his name, the chant began "Wahoo! Wahoo! Wahoo!" It was as if 50,000 people had sat on lighted cigarettes at the same instant. And from that moment New York, after eight years of adoring Sam Huff, had a new middle linebacker to worship. For the Jets, and for himself, Wahoo McDaniel arrived at absolutely the perfect hour, with the Giants stumbling and Huff traded away to Washington and the American Football League rushing toward prosperity. "I told Wahoo if he went to New York and did a good job he could make a fortune," said former Denver Bronco Coach Jack Faulkner, who traded McDaniel to the Jets last winter in a nine-player deal. "He has a great sense of timing, both on the field and off."

Undoubtedly, the New York Jets own better athletes than Ed McDaniel, a 240-pound Choctaw-Chickasaw Indian who plays middle linebacker as if it were the last wild charge at the Little Big Horn. Deep Receivers Don Maynard and Bake Turner, skinny Quarterback Dick Wood, rookie Fullback Matt Snell and lightweight Linebacker Larry Grantham all may have more genuine football ability than Wahoo McDaniel. But no other Jet has ever managed to fascinate and beguile New York's professional football addicts the way Wahoo does. He owes much of his success to the popularity of Huff. If there is no Sam Huff in town, the New York fans will create one. Wahoo was shrewd enough to realize that as soon as he was traded.

"This place ain't big enough for me and Huff," Wahoo announced. "It's lucky for him he moved." After that statement, which was reported with mingled delight and astonishment by the New York press, people began to watch

continued



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Wahoo. He has responded by demolishing any ballcarrier he can reach, which is anybody who runs into the fairly compact area that Wahoo's lack of speed limits him to. "When I said that about Huff, it was a rib," Wahoo said. "I sure didn't mean to be sarcastic. But everybody picked it up, and that was fine, too. Right away they knew I was out there."

But even Wahoo was startled by the noisy welcome he got on opening night in New York. With the crowd obviously searching for a hero, the Jets were alert and began to build up whatever Wahoo did and a few things he did not. His round, cheerful face was constantly flashed on the big Jet-o-rama sign out on the scoreboard. Wahoo was credited with knocking down every pass that did not hit the goal posts and with tackling every runner who was not sitting on the bench. It got so the public address announcer would ask the crowd who made that tackle, and the crowd would shout, "Wahoo! Wahoo! Wahoo!"

"I've played hard every year, but I've only had so-so recognition," Wahoo said. "This year I'm playing harder than ever. But the way that crowd reacted the first night surprised me. I was anxious for the second game to see if it kept up." The Jets gave him a new jersey with "Wahoo" sewn on the back above the number 54. And the crowd enthusiasm did keep up. "All the applause Wahoo got in three years at Denver wouldn't amount to half of what he gets in one yell in New York," said Harry Farrar of *The Denver Post*.

A byproduct of Wahoo's sudden fame will be more lucrative wrestling contracts, for it is as a wrestler with the name Chief Wahoo that he earns the most money. Wahoo began wrestling in 1961 when an Indianapolis promoter was looking for an Indian—any large Indian with muscles and a colorful nature—and somebody remembered that Wahoo had turned out for the wrestling team at the University of Oklahoma. "I wasn't a very good rassler in college, but the rasslers weren't very good football players either," Wahoo said. "The guy in Indianapolis said don't worry, they would teach me. That was six weeks before the football season began, and I rassled every night. Last year from January 1 until training camp I had 160 matches, sometimes two on Thursdays, all over Texas and in Albuquerque, Denver, Kansas City, places like that. I've

gotten to be pretty good [illegible] now a math eventer. It takes five years to be a good pro football player and about that long to be a big-time rassler."

Wahoo wrestles at around 250 pounds, which is 50 pounds more than he weighed as an outstanding running back at Midland (Texas) High School and nearly 70 pounds more than he weighed as a fullback, halfback, end and punter (he had a 91-yard punt in 1958 and averaged more than 40 yards per kick for three years) at Oklahoma. That vast increase in weight has naturally affected Wahoo's mobility. "He's an overstuffed middleweight," said one AFL coach. "At 205 Wahoo could move with authority, but not at 240. The tackles can cut him off on the wide stuff. He can't handle much responsibility on passes. He's a good blitzer and is strong on running plays that come straight at him. But he's a harum-scarum type, and you can't build a solid defense around him."

Such talk puts Wahoo in the mood to attack a wagon train. "My greatest assets are my size and strength," Wahoo said. "I just don't get blocked. If I get blocked more than twice, I had a lousy game. I'm only 6 feet 1, which is short for my weight, but I have tremendous shoulders and arms and can knock off blockers. I have regular pass responsibility. San Diego tried to throw on me six or seven times when we played them this season. They made me cover Paul Lowe. I don't have his speed, but I would stay in there and read whether the play was a run, draw or screen, and then if Lowe came I went with him hard. I've seen the same backs in this league year after year for five years, and I know what they can do and where they're going, and I go with them. I knock down about three passes a game. I intercepted six in the last two seasons, and I'm 50% improved on pass defense this season. Nobody kills me passing."

Confidence, clearly, is a virtue Wahoo has in abundance. He signed as a free agent with the Dallas Cowboys of the National Football League in 1960 although he had been drafted by the Chargers of the AFL, because he had been criticized for leaving his home state to play at Oklahoma and because he thought he could take the middle linebacking job away from Jerry Tubbs, another Texan who had been an All-America at Oklahoma. Wahoo impressed the Cowboys with his toughness.

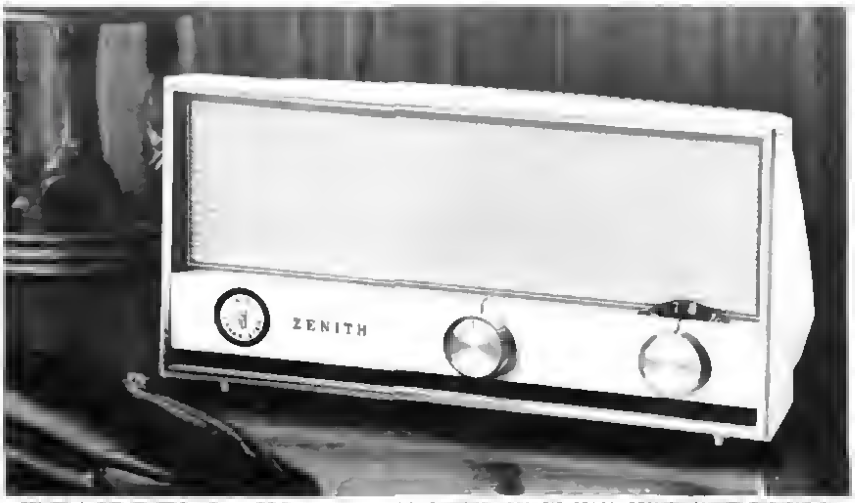
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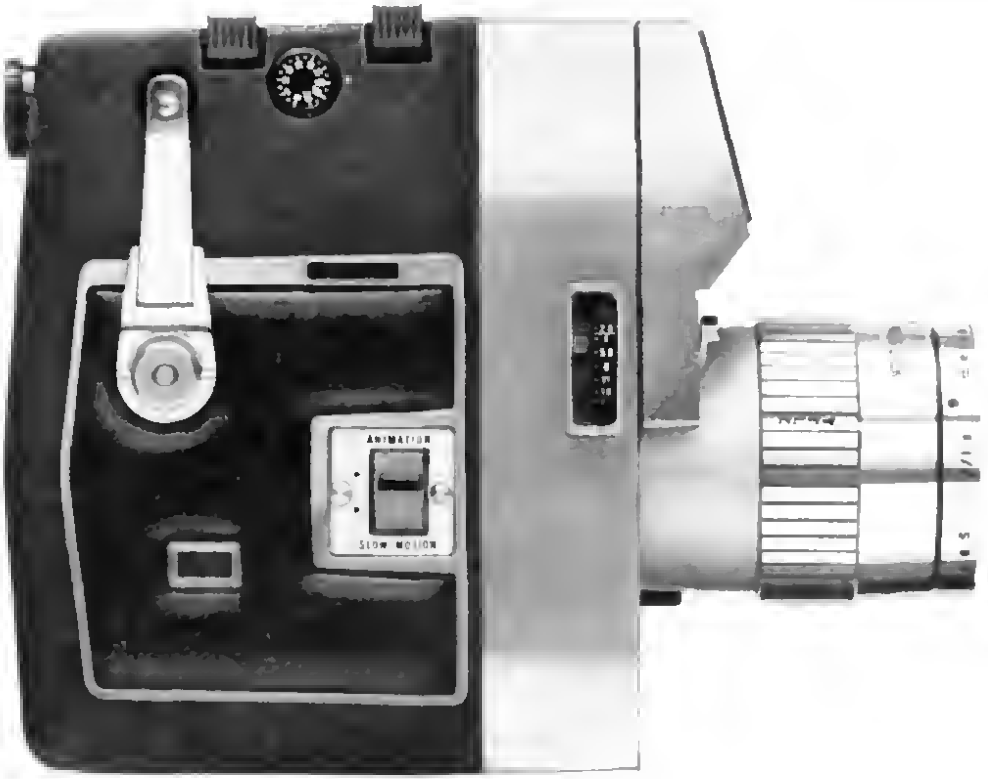
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He scrimmaged with a dislocated shoulder and still whacked the runners viciously when he could catch them. "He has an Indian stoicism toward pain," said Cowboy Trainer Clint Houy. But Tubbs was one of the very few reliable players the Cowboys had in those days, and Wahoo was released. "They made a terrible mistake," Wahoo says. He went briefly to the Chargers, but wound up playing 10 games for the Houston Oilers that year and in 1961 moved on to Denver as a linebacker and, for a while, as a punter.

By then Wahoo had also acquired a reputation for causing trouble, most of it to do with finances. "He was a wild Indian," Faulkner said. But Wahoo married a girl named Monta Rae from Wink, Texas, after a one-month courtship, and settled down considerably. They now have a 15-month-old daughter, Nicole. "I'll admit I used to be wild. But that's behind me," Wahoo said. "I don't have time for all that cutting up."

As a New York businessman, Wahoo puts on his size-50 suit and leaves his Long Beach, N.Y. apartment on Mondays—the pros' traditional day off—for important discussions of matters like Wahoo T shirts and possible wrestling contracts in Madison Square Garden. It is quite a far whoop from his home in Midland, an oil town where he and his father, Big Wahoo, used to contemplate the drilling rigs on the burnt prairie. Wahoo may not be as good a middle linebacker as, say, Sherrill Headrick of Kansas City, Archie Matsos of Oakland, Nick Buoniconti of Boston or Chuck Allen of San Diego. Or, of course, Sam Huff. But Wahoo is probably a better wrestler than any of them, and he has improved the Jets' defense, and how many Buoniconti T shirts have you seen lately? A crowd simply could not shout "Headrick! Headrick! Headrick!" with the same delirious glee that it can shout "Wahoo! Wahoo! Wahoo!" The sound is not as joyous, and at Shea Stadium—where a young man drives madly up and down the sidelines in a toy jet plane whenever Wahoo does anything—the sound is mostly for Wahoo McDaniel. "I don't think the other players resent the attention I'm getting," Wahoo said. "They know how I am. I'll play just as hard whether those people holler or not. But it sure does sound sweet." The Jets, with 126,000 paid attendance after three games, agree. **END**



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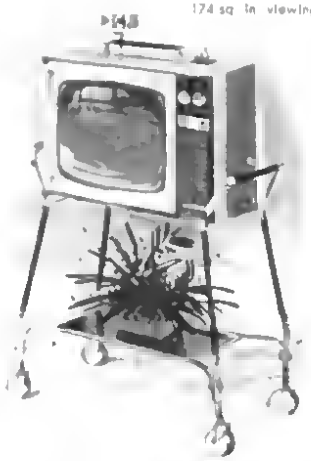
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MOMENTS AFTER JET NOSED INTO CANAL, BREEDLOVE GESTURES TRIUMPHANTLY

Fast, wet—and almost dead

In one momentous day, a cool Californian pushed his jet racer to a land-speed record of 526 mph and survived a stupendous crackup

A minute figure in the lonely vastness of the Bonneville Salt Flats, Craig Breedlove pulled on a blue-and-silver crash helmet and slipped into the cockpit of *Spirit of America*. His J-47 jet engine shrieked. The blue, three-wheeled projectile spurted forward, like a cork popped from an immense champagne bottle. Salt spray streamed high behind *Spirit*'s 38-foot, four-ton fuselage.

In the pits at each end of Bonneville's 11-mile land-speed course, officials, crewmen and newsmen tensed for walkie-talkie bulletins from the timers' stand at the midcourse measured mile. "He's in the mile," said the walkie-talkie. Seconds later: "He's through the mile." The next flash should have been, "He's popped his chutes." It never came. Breedlove had just pushed the land record to the astonishing speed of 526.28 mph, but now, unable to steer or brake *Spirit*, he evidently was hurtling toward certain death.

Traveling at perhaps 400 mph, *Spirit* yawed crazily downcourse. In swift terrible seconds it screamed off the firm speed strip and onto mucky ground adjacent. It hit and splintered a wooden utility pole, shot up an incline, soared over a six-foot dike and finally nosed down, three miles off course, in a canal of salt water 18 feet deep.

Marvelously lucky to be alive, Breedlove might then have drowned but for the dexterity with which he swept off the canopy above him and loosened his

safety harness. He floated out of the cockpit and swam 10 feet to the dike. An ambulance arrived. Anxious crewmen gathered.

"My God, I'm glad to be back on land," cried Breedlove, soaking wet but unhurt. To crewman Bill Neely he called, "I'm all right, Baby. What's my speed?" Bill did not know. "I kept thinking," said Breedlove, " 'If I have to go, I may as well have the record.' "

As everyone knew who had followed this month's remarkable jet-set news from Bonneville, Breedlove had already lost and regained the record. First had come Tom Green in Walt Arfons' *Wingfoot Express*, to beat Breedlove's 1963 record, 407 mph, by 6 mph. Three days later Walt's brother Art, driving the *Green Monster*, did 434 (SI, Oct. 12). Last Tuesday, 48 hours before his ultimate triumph and near disaster, Breedlove had punched back with a 468.

Struggling now to contain himself, Breedlove heard Chief Timer Joe Petralli report his speed in the measured mile as 539.92. Averaged with his 513.33 mph first run of the day, Petralli said, Breedlove had a new record of 526.28—the first over 500 mph and a phenomenal increase of 119 mph in one year.

A kind of jubilant hysteria seized him. "Do I qualify for the hydro-speed record, too?" he demanded. He embraced his father, Norman, and blurted, "Dad, I bent my machine. Look." Behind them only *Spirit*'s tail was visible. The rest was submerged.

Breedlove had to be coaxed into the ambulance. Still feeling waggish, he took a last look at *Spirit* and cracked to Driver Ted Gillette, "Let me crank it up and back it out of there."

At Wendover, a dreary hamlet 10 miles distant, it took Breedlove half an hour to convince the doctors that he was absolutely undamaged. By nightfall the jet car had been pulled out and Breedlove's mood had changed to one of untypical soul-searching.

"I had a feeling yesterday," he said, "that I was going to get killed. I couldn't sleep last night. I was nervous today after the first run. But I really hit it on the return. I could have gone 600. Then I lost the steering, before I hit the mile. The *Spirit* drifted to the right. I came off the power to straighten it out, and then I opened it up again at the far end of the mile."

continued



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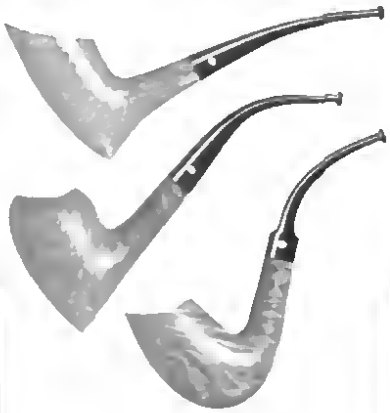
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Attempting to stop, Breedlove pressed a cockpit button to release a small pilot chute, which in turn yanked out his eight-foot main chute. "I felt it come out and tear off the car. I hit the wheel brakes, and nothing happened.

"I heard myself saying, 'Let it slow down, slow down.' I wanted to throw *Spirit* into a spin, but without steering there was no way. I saw a telephone pole coming right at me. God must have moved it. [The rear axle toppled the pole, the wheel missing by inches.] I saw this big pile of mud, hit it, flew about 35 feet into the air and down into the water. I knew I was going to die then."

But, of course, he did not, and thinking it over he remarked laconically, "You've got to stay cool or you'll get killed in one of these things."

Ecstatic over Breedlove's feat and escape from death, Shell Oil and Goodyear Tire also emerged as big winners. They had backed Breedlove when he was a penniless hot rodder with lofty dreams and by now have some $500,000 invested in *Spirit*. Their publicity harvest has been rich.

Breedlove's own status has risen prodigiously. At 27, he has five children, a luxurious new home and a swimming pool in Palos Verdes, Calif. and a thriving hot-rod-parts business. Shell and Goodyear retain him as a consultant. Is that reason enough to quit the speed business? Perhaps. Previously Breedlove had referred to 500 mph as "first base." But after reaching that plateau he said he wanted to design a new car capable of sliding "home"—his language for 700 mph and more. He already is pondering the problem of breaking the sound barrier—which would be reached at approximately 720 mph at Bonneville—and how to cope with the shock wave that would ensue. "Maybe," he once said, "when someone goes that fast, I'll be standing on the sidelines just watching."

Maybe. Maybe not. The Arfons boys surely will be back. Donald Campbell of Britain, his turbine-powered *Bluebird* made obsolete by the jet-setters, has a jet car on the drawing board. But it will surprise no one if Breedlove, despite his brush with death, returns to the Flats next year or the year after, stretching out for "home."

•

Altogether it was a brisk week in motoring for persistent Americans. At Riverside, Calif., before 83,330 spectators—the largest crowd ever to attend a U.S. road race—the Indy leadfoot, Parnelli Jones, lost the use of his clutch and once caromed his Cooper-Ford off a slower car, yet won the Los Angeles Times Grand Prix and a purse of $14,450. It was his very first sports car race.

As SI Staff Writer Hugh Whall reported, Riverside underscored the recent massive swing to American power in big-time sports car racing and the rise of the track driver in this once-alien branch of the sport. Only one large-displacement car in the 40-car field had a foreign engine (Ferrari); in the rest were Fords, Chevys, Chryslers and Oldsmobiles. Such international road-racing stars as Jimmy Clark, Bruce McLaren and Dan Gurney were present but unable to divert the crowd's fascinated attention from Jones, the 1963 500 winner, and A. J. Foyt, champion in 1961 and 1964.

Foyt appeared in a monster of a car nicely suited to his rugged physique. Called the Hussein I in salute to friendly relations between those two potentates, Texas Oilman John Mecom and King Hussein of Jordan, and built by John Mecom Jr., it possessed a gargantuan Chrysler hemi-head engine and tail pipes like seven-inch rifles. The exhaust blast from those pipes shook the ground and numbed the ears.

Two laps after the Grand Prix start, Parnelli had barged into the lead, but for a time Foyt was a threatening second as the road-racing elite embarrassingly trailed behind. Ultimately, however, a mechanical failure forced him in. Parnelli had said, "I plan to drive with my head, not my foot." His foot won, however. Never out of the lead, he gobbled up the opposition like a hammerhead devouring mullet. A few diehards were unimpressed even when Parnelli boosted the Riverside lap record from 94.5 mph to 98.6. "It can't last," said one. "Those corners will get him yet." At the end, though, only the second-place Chaparral of Roger Penske was on the same lap with Jones. Clark, third in a Lotus-Ford, had been lapped by the flying leader. "I was really abusing my car," Parnelli said later. Not to mention the road-racing men.

At week's end the same field moved on to Laguna Seca, Calif., but this time Parnelli overdid things a bit. Cornering hard, he crashed, his car caught fire. He leaped to safety. The winner: Roger Penske's Chaparral. END


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COLTS RULE

continued from page 35

have confirmed the end of Green Bay's dominance of the NFL—a reign rarely interrupted in recent years. This was the second time this season the Colts had beaten the Packers. Both games were close—21-20 in Green Bay, 24-21 in Baltimore—but Green Bay, in its prime years, did not lose the close games. Now Baltimore does not. Green Bay, when it was rumbling unchecked through the West, won even on its off days. That is what Baltimore did last Sunday.

The Colts' incomparable quarterback, Unitas, was at something less than his best as a passer. Twice, with receivers open behind Green Bay defenders, he overthrew his target, and several times, on shorter passes, he missed. The Baltimore punting, with the exception of a towering kick by rookie Joe Don Looney, was execrable. A squibbed punt brought on one Green Bay touchdown, and a short, low end-over-ender was run back for a touchdown by Green Bay's Elijah Pitts before the Baltimore defense had time to set up. Another Green Bay touchdown came when Wendell Harris, a Baltimore safety man, signaled for a fair catch, then dropped the ball. The Packers recovered on the Baltimore 16.

So the Baltimore performance in this game was short of the flawless effort the Colts engineered against the Chicago Bears and had little of the ebullient play that characterized their victories over the Los Angeles Rams and the St. Louis Cardinals. But they won, and the fact that they won on an off day against a formidable opponent points up the tremendous potential of this team for this season and for the next few seasons to come.

Green Bay played savagely and well. "They don't try to fool you," said Bill Pellington, who has played linebacker for the Colts for 12 years and who called an excellent defensive game this day. "We knew they are a running team. We knew we had to stop their running if we could and make Bart Starr put the ball in the air. They kill you if they make the run go, not on the pass. So we set up the defenses to try to hold them on the first and second downs, concentrating on the running. We didn't blitz at all—maybe once or twice, but no more. We wanted them to have third and maybe five or six yards or more, so that Starr would have to throw for the first down."

The Colt defense succeeded reasonably well in this design. Thirteen times during the game Starr tried to pass for the

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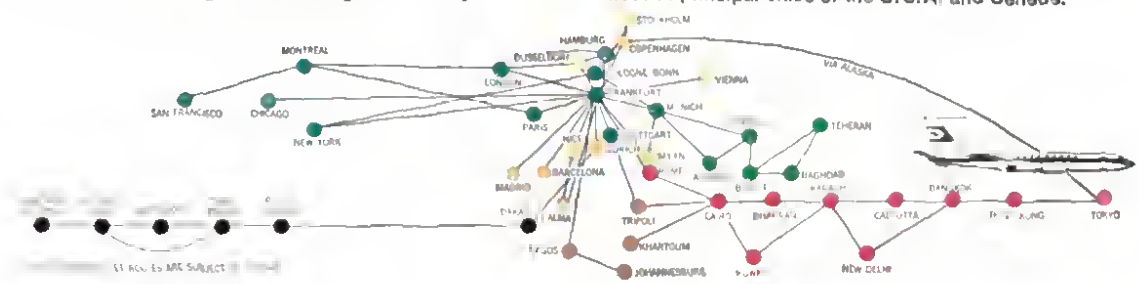


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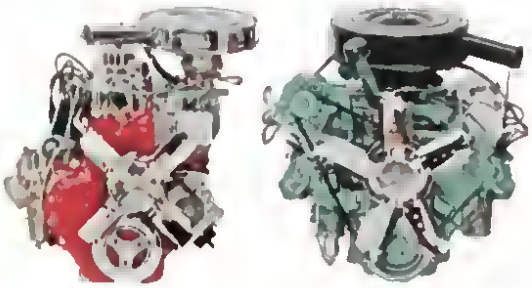
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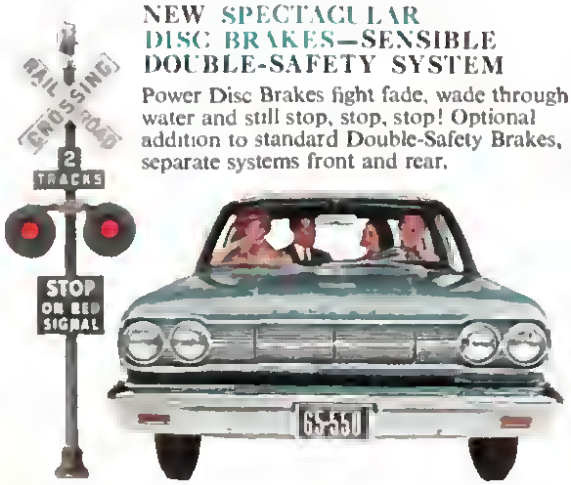
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first down with third and substantial yardage; he made it only three times. Five times the pass was incomplete, twice Starr was trapped before he could get the ball away, and three times the passes were complete but short.

Although the Colts did not completely stifle the Green Bay ground attack, they did force the Packers to rely on the pass instead of the run. Starr threw 33 passes —a high number for him—and completed 18. The Packers' formidable runners— Jim Taylor, Paul Hornung and Tom Moore, among others—gained only 147 yards on 33 carries, and 24 yards of that total came on a gambling run by Jerry Norton, who, getting ready to punt on fourth down, found the defense sound asleep. He tiptoed to an easy first down.

If Unitas' arm was not as accurate as usual, his mind was as sharp. In the first half he picked at the Packer defense with short passes whenever the Packers tried single coverage on Raymond Berry. This stratagem worked on a drive that carried to the Green Bay eight. From there the Colts kicked a field goal, but Green Bay was offside. The penalty left the Colts a foot short of a first down on the Packer four-yard line. A measure of Unitas' confidence in his team is that he chose to take the penalty, relinquishing the three points, and went for the first down. Tony Lorick, the rookie halfback who has speed the Colt ground game this year, went all the way for a touchdown on the next play.

In the second half the Packers changed their defense so that they often had double coverage on Berry. Unitas then shifted his target to his tight end, Butch Wilson, who made two key catches to keep drives alive.

The Colts have now won five games in a row since losing their opener to Minnesota, and stand at the top of the Western Division. Green Bay's loss drops the Packers to fourth place, with a three-and-three record and no more games with Baltimore. The Colts' most serious opposition now would seem to be Detroit, with a 4-1-1 record, and Detroit has been weakened considerably by the loss of its No. 1 quarterback, Earl Morrall, who broke his collarbone last week. The Colts, on the other hand, came out of the Packer game with no serious injuries. This Colt team was marked early this year as the team of the future; the future may have become the present in Baltimore last Sunday. **END**



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At the crest of his popularity as a



The beach boys had finished combing the golden sands at Waikiki, and now they gave them a final loving pat. The sun shone brightly, the surf boomed softly and drab little Hawaiian doves and bright-clad tourists appeared from all directions, making pleasant cooing noises. Arthur Gordon Linkletter, whose onetime ambition was to be a physical education instructor but who had bad luck and became a multimillionaire with a multimillion followers instead, was sitting at a table in the shade of the spreading banyan tree where legend says Robert Louis Stevenson did much of his writing, and he surveyed the scene blissfully. "Gee, I have a good life," he said, happily. "Sometimes I just can't wait to get up in the morning."

Linkletter did look supremely content and chipper. It was difficult to believe that he had spent the night aboard a plane coming from Australia, where he had gone to inspect his ranch and his prosperous sheep stations, totaling some 775,000 acres. A less robust man almost certainly would have tumbled into bed as soon as he reached his hotel, but Linkletter has not become Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan's greatest testament to the rewards of endeavor, clean living and the push-up by lying abed when the sun is high. "Time is the only thing we are given in this life," he often says, "and I don't intend to dribble any of it away." So he had slipped into swim trunks, plunged into the surf and spent a strenuous hour riding Waikiki's roaring breakers. Now, glowing and still slightly damp, he was refreshed and relaxed and looked easily 10 years younger than the 52 he has lived. Somebody told him so. "Age is what you think it is," he said, and when you set his show business achievements aside and consider that here is a man with a passion for physical conditioning who takes to surfboards when his friends take to hammocks, who is helping build a 500-acre sports resort at Lake Tahoe, who has founded a national chain of children's dance schools—largely to teach poise, grace and fitness—and who, in his spare time, blessed the whole nation with a version of the Hula Hoop called Spin-a-Hoop, you can imagine how low he thinks his own age is.

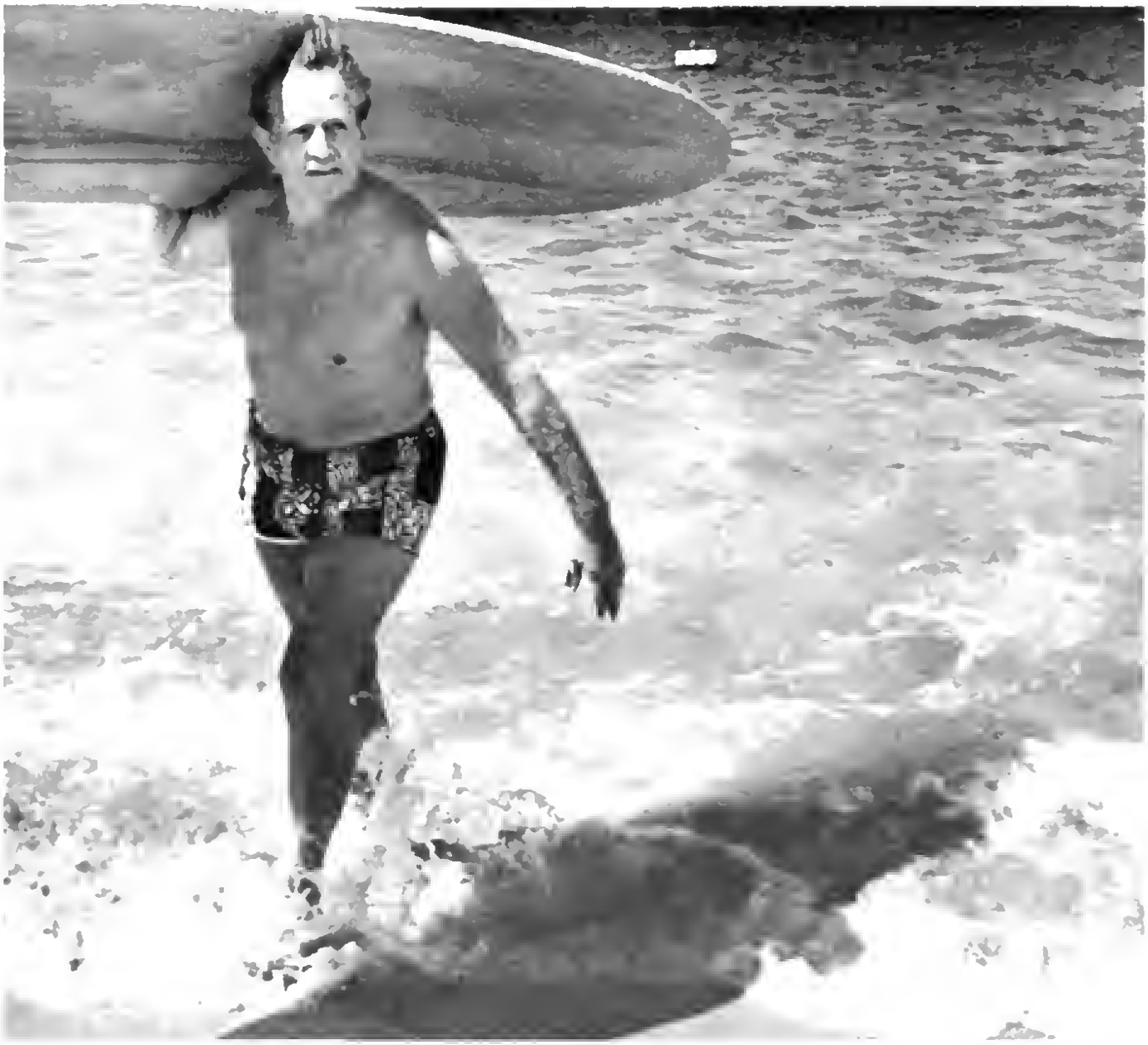
"I've been married to the same wife for 29 years and we have five grandchildren, but I don't think I'm ready for the boneyard yet. I still can do anything on a surfboard those fellows can," he said, looking out at some wave-riders. "Swimming has always been my favorite sport. I don't remember when I didn't love the water. I learned to swim along the waterfront in San Diego and San Pedro, and my stroke had to be pretty good to push the floating beer bottles and other junk out of the way. When I first saw some clear water in a YMCA pool I thought, 'With water like that, I could beat anybody around.' I won the southern California 50-yard backstroke title, but I guess I always loved the ocean *continued*

ROBERT WENKAM

A STAR AND SPORTSMAN RIDING A WAVE

showman, Art Linkletter remains indefatigably athletic

BY JOE DAVID BROWN



best. I was a lifeguard practically every summer when I was a kid, and I was a skin diver way back—when it really was skin diving. The trick used to be to take a tire tool and go down and see how many abalones you could pry off the rocks before you ran out of breath."

He slapped his stomach. "Swimming is about the most enjoyable way I know to keep down your weight. I'm pretty weight-conscious, because I see all of my shows on tape, and when I put on a few pounds, there they are right in front of my eyes. But if you want to stay fit, don't depend just on swimming. Include some handball. I don't play in the national AAU championships any longer, but I still play regularly. I was playing only once a week a couple of years ago. Then one of my good friends dropped dead on a court one day, and Lois, my wife, got worried and asked if I didn't think I should do something about my handball. I said, 'You bet I should!' I started playing *twice* a week. Handball *is* too strenuous to play once a week. It can kill you.

"I don't think I've slowed up much. I follow sports as closely as I ever did—all sports. The only thing I've lost my enthusiasm for is the World Series. As far as I'm concerned, they can abolish it." He grinned. "I'm fed up with it because it used to preempt my *House Party* show and put me off the air."

Although it does not receive as much publicity as some of his other activities, the fact is that Linkletter is, and always has been, a serious-minded athlete. His years have redistributed his weight a bit, but he still has the powerful shoulders and deep chest of a professional swimmer, and there is no middle-age flab on his 6-foot-1, 210-pound frame. Besides being a star on the swimming team at San Diego State, where he graduated in 1934, he was captain and an All-Conference center on the basketball team. For much of his college career he intended being a physical education teacher. He does not smoke, seldom takes a drink, and he probably is the only star in show business who spends most of his leisure time in the environs of a YMCA or an athletic club. The first job he ever had was with the Y, and he has been involved in Y work in some capacity since his college days. Among other things, he is a member of the Y's National Physical Education Committee and a trustee of Springfield College in Springfield, Mass., one of two schools that train professional workers for the Y. When he moved out of his home in Holmby Hills, Calif. last year, he gave it to Springfield College, which promptly sold it to Henry Mancini for $185,000.

Linkletter was still thinking about the World Series and baseball. "You know, one of the summer jobs I had was as a counselor in a Y camp down in the southern California mountains, near Julian. One of the things we did was teach the smaller boys how to hold a baseball bat. Well, a picture was taken of one of those sessions, and a few years ago somebody sent it to me. I laugh every time I look at it because one of the boys was such a skinny little kid. His name was Ted Williams, and I sure must have taught him something special about holding a bat."

The tables under the banyan tree were being occupied slowly. Bathers were drifting in from the beach, and tourists were straggling down from the hotel. The little Hawaiian doves busily pecked their way between the tables. A pert Japanese hostess, who knew Linkletter from his previous visits to Hawaii, brought over menus. He ordered a whole fresh pineapple stuffed with tropical fruits and lemon sherbet. Someone asked Linkletter about the hoop craze that he did so much to promote and that netted him $1 million.

"Well, a man named Reuben Klamer, who has since become a close friend and one of my partners, came in to see me one day," he said. "He had a hoop and he stood in front of my desk and put it around his waist and wiggled his hips and showed me how it worked. I looked at him, and then I thought, 'Why not?' I asked him how much money he needed and he told me, and I said O.K. I don't think I realized what we were starting. In fact, I know I didn't. We sold a million hoops in six weeks, about 10 million altogether. The best thing about it in the long run, of course, is that Reuben and I later went into partnership and started a toy business. It's been a lot of fun, and it's been a great success. The beauty of it is that we do not have the production costs and overhead of ordinary companies. We don't manufacture toys. We think them up and farm them out to electronics experts to perfect. Then we turn the completed toy over to such companies as Ideal and Horsman, which pay us royalties. We've had such best-sellers as Gaylord the Pup and Thirstee Cry Baby."

He sat reflectively a few moments, then he burst out, "I love business! I like to talk business, and I find it stimulating to be with important businessmen. I admire them and I enjoy being with them. I guess that is one reason I am in so many businesses. I also know how ephemeral show business can be. I've seen it demonstrated often enough. Nobody is ever going to be able to look at me and say, 'There's poor old Art Linkletter. Used to be a big star and make big money. But he blew it.' "

How many businesses is he in? He began to tick them off on his fingers. "Well, there is my toy company and my Australian holdings. There's the Linkletter Totten Dance Schools, 140 of them. They are the first dance schools just for children. I'm involved in four building subdivisions that range from the $12,000 class to the $60,000 class. Some partners and I are building a big golf and ski resort near Lake Tahoe that will open in two or three years. I got interested in the area when Walt Disney and I handled the entertainment for the athletes at the Winter Olympics in Squaw Valley. I'm a skier, and I think this is a good investment in the sport. I'm on the board of directors of The Flying Tiger Line Inc. I'm the major owner of an electronics firm, a partner in a New York public relations firm and a Los Angeles photo-developing company. I once had a fruit syrup company, and Touch-Plate, a low-voltage wiring company, but I sold them. I'm on the board and I have a large investment in the Royal Crown Cola Co. I own lead and uranium mines in Colorado and Utah. I own and have investments in oil wells in California, Texas, Canada and Oklahoma. I own apartment houses in Los Angeles and San Francisco, and I'm building motels

continued

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in Phoenix, Yuma and Gila Bend, Ariz. I have an interest in a book-publishing firm and a music-publishing house. And, of course, I'm a partner in the company that produces my own TV shows and some others. In my spare time I've written some best-selling books, particularly *Kids Say the Darndest Things*, and don't forget to mention them, because *I really wrote them by myself* and I'm proud of it."

His audience gulped out its awe, and he was amused. A waitress brought his pineapple, and he attacked it with gusto. How could one man find time to carry on so many activities? "It's simple, really," Linkletter said. "I watch my diet, health and vacations. I ration my time ruthlessly. It may not be a very lovable habit, but I can't operate efficiently otherwise. When I'm not on vacation, I know where I'm going to be every minute of every day for at least the next two weeks. I have to be serious about my schedule, and other people have to learn to be serious about it, too. Maybe you've heard the story about the insurance man who tried to upset my schedule. Well, he called one day and said, 'Art, I want to talk to you about insurance—don't say no, because I don't need but a minute.' Well, he came to see me, and I had a stopwatch. He inquired about my health and commented on the weather and had just started to tell me a bit of gossip when his minute ended. I stood up and held out my hand and told him goodby. He didn't think I was serious. He kept saying, 'You don't mean it, Art! You *don't really mean it!*' But I *pushed him* out the door." Linkletter laughed. "He was too surprised to be sore.

"My investments are pretty tightly regulated, too, and though it may not sound like it I am actually rather conservative. I've made it a practice to go into business only with people I know and trust, and who know more than I do. I bet on people, really. After all, people are my business and I think I understand them. I also take out some extra protection when I make an investment. For every dollar I invest, I try to put an equal amount in U.S. bonds. The wilder the scheme, the more I anchor.

"But the most important thing, I think, is not to worry. I absolutely refuse to worry about things I can't do anything about. I believe that's what has kept me relaxed and normal, though I've spent my life in some pretty dizzy-daffodil surroundings. If I goof during a program I give myself a good hard mental kick in the pants. But I don't keep going over it again and again. A *man can only do the best he can, and* that's that. After I make an investment, I don't waste time worrying. It would be—" Linkletter broke off. A female voice had shrieked, "There's Art Linkletter!" For the barest second—only the barest—Linkletter lowered his eyes and looked slightly dismayed.

A plump and middle-aged lady was dashing forward through the tables. The tourists were turning and twisting in excitement. The lady came to a breathless halt in front of Linkletter and looked him up and down. "I don't believe it!" she said slowly and joyously. "I just don't huh-lieve it!" Linkletter looked at her politely and noncommittally, but the lady was not abashed. "Well, I'm just gonna have to kiss you!" she cried.

Linkletter scarcely winced as the lady grabbed him and planted a firm kiss on his cheek. Then, while the watching tourists cheered and applauded, he broke into the broad and familiar grin that has lit up TV tubes for years. For the first time that morning it became obvious what a friend meant when he said *Linkletter had the fastest smile in the* West. Not only is the Linkletter smile fully automatic but when it appears one realizes he must carry it around cocked most of the time. Many critics have commented on the Linkletter smile. A few have branded it as being toothily insincere. Anybody who sees it close at hand knows better. The Linkletter smile is as genuine as it is radiant. It makes it no less genuine that, after years in show business, Linkletter has learned to regulate it to suit the size of his audience.

There was a mild stampede as the tourists surged toward Linkletter's table. They thrust bits of paper at him to autograph, slapped him on the back, shook his hand, and, in general, greeted him as an old friend. He not only submitted to this good-naturedly, but appeared to be enjoying most of it. When a beaming lady handed him a blank check to autograph, he delighted everybody by unhesitatingly filling it in so it was payable to Art Linkletter for $10,000. When one man apologized profusely *for bothering him, he made them* laugh again by grinning and saying, "Well, if you ever stop bothering me I won't be able to afford to come here." Most of the people were in their late middle years or elderly, typical of the small-town folks from Idaho, Kansas and Iowa who make up the substantial bulk of Honolulu's tourist trade. They also were typical of what is referred to in show business as the "Linkletter audience." When TV shows are being put together, some harried producer or agency man is always demanding that something be put in for the "Linkletter audience."

There is no question that Linkletter does have a tremendous following among moderate-income groups, especially farmers. Not so long ago, when the late John F. Kennedy was still a Senator but only a couple of years before he became President, a farm journal ran a survey to determine how well midwestern farmers recognized nationally known figures. Only 50% of the farmers recognized Senator Kennedy's picture, but 90% identified Linkletter.

Anyone who travels with Linkletter for a few days soon learns that he is recognized on sight no matter where he *goes. This is surprising until* you consider that few people in history have had so much public exposure. His *House Party*, a weekday show, has been a top-rated daytime attraction for 19 years. His *People Are Funny* show ran for 21 years before finally going off the air in 1961. (But not completely. It has joined old movies as fodder for the TV rerun mill.) For all but a few of those years it ranked among the top shows in prime time. Linkletter also has been a busy man-about-TV, appearing in guest spots, putting on spectaculars and acting as host of *The Tonight Show* between the time Jack Paar departed and the time Johnny Carson arrived. He first appeared on TV

continued

when it was a mere flicker in a few thousand homes, and long before that he was a radio star.

After the tourists drifted away Linkletter was asked if it didn't annoy him when his fans greeted him with such rambunctious affection. "It's one of the penalties of being in TV," he said, "and if you're in TV you may as well get used to it. It's different from being in the movies, for instance. People recognize movie stars, and they chase after them, but they are a little awed by them, too. Maybe it is because they see them on that big screen, magnified a couple of hundred times bigger than life. But TV personalities come into their homes on a tiny little screen. They laugh and make jokes, and there is nothing awesome about them at all. To them I'm not a performer. I'm just somebody who is around their living room all the time."

Art Linkletter began intruding his way into the nation's homes as long ago as 1933, when he was a junior, a football player and a big man on campus at San Diego State. The adopted son of a street-corner evangelist who moved from Moose Jaw to southern California, Linkletter's earliest memories include standing on a sidewalk beating an iron triangle to draw a crowd for his father to exhort, and of being joylessly poor. At 9 he was shilling for an ice cream vendor, and at 10 he was picking discarded lemons out of piles behind packing plants and selling them to housewives. By his mid-teens he was all but on his own, and his attendance at San Diego State was a work-as-you-go kind of thing. In his third year there a professor introduced him to the manager of station KGB and he was hired as a part-time announcer. After graduation he took a brief fling as a staff announcer at the San Diego International Exposition, then returned to KGB as program manager and married Lois. When they drove away on their honeymoon, his fellow announcers broadcast a warning to hotels to demand a marriage license if a young couple claiming to be Mr. and Mrs. Linkletter tried to register.

Because it has been so durable, columnists are always pointing out that by Hollywood standards the Linkletter marriage is an unusual one. Actually, nowadays, it is becoming fairly unusual by the standards of Duluth or Albuquerque, as well, but both the Linkletters have an old-fashioned view of family life and marriage. "We believe that a family should do things together," he says, "especially have fun together. We Linkletters have always had parties any time we could find an excuse: the coming of spring, the last day of winter.

"But the happiest times have been on camping trips. Every year we took the children on a pack trip for a couple of weeks. Not only was it good for the whole family to rough it and get plenty of exercise, it was one way for the family to be together away from everything else. Camping gives kids a chance to do community chores and learn good sportsmanship."

Nobody can claim the Linkletter system has not worked. Although they spent most of their lives in their Holmby Hills mansion surrounded by such neighbors as Judy Garland, Lana Turner and Porfirio Rubirosa, the five Linkletter children, ranging in age from 16 to 25, are pleasant, bright, healthy and have never seen the inside of a psychiatrist's office. Jack, the eldest, who graduated from USC and made Phi Beta Kappa, is now a TV star in his own right.

Besides a rich father, the Linkletter children did have some great natural advantages. Lois and Art Linkletter both are relatively unflappable people. Linkletter, in fact, is probably among the best-natured stars in show business. Human nature being what it is, some people find his calmness irritating and relish any reports of his being ruffled.

Largely because he has a reputation for being a prudent man with a dollar, Linkletter is often pegged as cautious. The truth is, until he reached the big time, he refused to hold onto any job that offered only security. At the time he married, for example, he was the youngest program director in a broadcasting system that stretched from San Diego to Spokane. Everybody predicted a great future for him. Yet after seven months he chucked his job to take an obviously short-lived position as director of radio operations for the Texas Centennial Exposition in Dallas. "I didn't want to be an executive in San Diego," he said.

When the exposition ran its course, he could have stepped into a number of steady, well-paying jobs in radio. Instead he accepted an offer to become radio director of the San Francisco World's Fair. After he told Lois of his decision, she asked what the salary would be. He had never bothered to find out.

The Linkletters arrived in San Francisco in 1937, and he immediately set about trying to steal free air time on behalf of the fair, which was scheduled to open in the spring of 1939. For almost two years he was under the impression he was performing like a ball of fire. Then one day a few months before the opening Harris Connick, general manager of the fair, sent for him. Without preliminaries, he told Linkletter he thought his work had been unimaginative, dull and practically useless. Linkletter, who thought he might be going to get a raise, was flabbergasted.

Connick then started outlining a scheme he had thought up to exploit the fair on opening day, recalls Linkletter in his autobiography, *Confessions of a Happy Man*. Connick said he had discovered that certain cables in the Golden Gate Bridge had differing tensions, and when the wind from the ocean blew through them they produced different musical tones. "Now, my idea is this," he said. "You pick out the cables that have the eight notes of the scale, put a microphone on each and run the wires into a control board with keys. That would give you the world's largest harp, and you could maybe get Artur Rubinstein to play *California, Here I Come*."

"Mr. Connick, you're nuts!" said Linkletter. "Mr. Linkletter, you're fired!" said Connick.

Linkletter's reaction to the loss of his job was typical. He vowed that never again would he work at a regular salary and told a friend, "I'm going to make a million dollars in the next five years starting now." Soon he was averaging 18 radio shows and earning $700 a week.

continued



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Variety, the show business paper, called him a "one man dynamo" and, everything considered, he was doing fine. But he knew he was still minor league, and it rankled. All of his radio shows were local, and his total income from them was not much more than a single network program would pay. Los Angeles, the home of Hollywood and the stars, was where the network shows originated. So, although he was making around $50,000 a year, he loaded Lois and the children into the car and set out for Los Angeles.

The move at first seemed disastrous. Linkletter bustled around making himself known to important people, and he and Lois were invited to Atwater Kent's famous parties, where they hobnobbed with stars. But Linkletter seemed to have lost his magic touch. In rapid succession he was on — and canceled off — three shows. Soon bills were piling up, and for the first time in his life Linkletter was discovering that boundless optimism would not pay the grocer. Things were looking particularly gloomy when he lunched at the Brown Derby one day with John Guedel, a writer-producer he knew slightly. Since he had a successful radio program going, Guedel appeared to be doing all right. Actually, it paid him only $75 a week and he had no more business lunching at the Brown Derby than Linkletter did. Nevertheless, in the best Hollywood tradition, both kept up their fronts, and after they had eaten they began to exchange ideas for radio shows. Linkletter said he would like to produce a show based on some case histories he had borrowed from a psychologist and call it *Meet Yourself*. Guedel said that was funny, he had gone through the files of a University of California psychologist looking for material for a behavior show he wanted to call *People Are Funny*. He and Linkletter blinked at each other for a moment, and Guedel said, "C'mon."

They went to Guedel's office and immediately set to work blocking out a show. Twenty-four hours later they had it written, and they managed to scrape up $15 between them to cut an audition record. They shipped it off airmail to a Chicago ad agency which Guedel had

continued



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learned was looking for a new show. Two days later a phone call came that had Linkletter and Guedel whooping. The agency liked the show and would buy it for a network presentation. There was only one hitch: nobody had ever heard of Linkletter. "Get a big name who can work with him," the agency said.

"At that point we would have hired King Kong to get the show on the air," Linkletter says. They eventually settled on Art Baker, a polished old pro at radio emceeing, and when *People Are Funny* made its debut in the summer of 1941 Linkletter was billed as co-M.C. The program was a hit from the start, and its ratings climbed steadily. So nobody was more surprised than Linkletter when Baker notified him after the fourth show that two M.C.s on the same program were too many. One of them had to go. Linkletter and Guedel told Baker they were sorry to see him go. After all, Linkletter not only was a co-originator of the show, he owned half of it.

The partners phoned the agency people in Chicago to tell them. The agency said it was Baker—or else.

Linkletter often has called that the blackest moment of his career. He says he felt completely whipped and defeated. Obviously he did, though it is difficult for someone not in show business to understand why he felt so completely devastated. He was still co-owner of a network show that was a smash. He was assured of a substantial sum of money each week for a long time. Nonetheless, he felt he had failed in Los Angeles, and he and the family returned to San Francisco. It was not difficult to pick up where he had left off, and there still are people in San Francisco who maintain that no matter what station they tuned in during the early '40s, they heard the voice of Art Linkletter.

Soon Linkletter was earning $75,000 a year from all sources, and as his bank account and popularity increased, so did his confidence. He continued writing material for *People Are Funny*, and after a couple of years he felt that he had proved he was invaluable to the show. He simply asked Guedel to drop Baker as M.C. Guedel agreed, and this time nobody objected, except Baker. Linkletter triumphantly moved back to Los Angeles and took over. Not long afterward, Guedel and Linkletter dreamed up *House Party*, and it also became a hit. When television arrived both shows moved into the new medium without a hitch. Before he reached his 40th birthday, Linkletter was a national celebrity earning $350,000 to $400,000 a year. Since then things have only gotten better, to the point where what Linkletter was telling his followers as they flocked around him in Hawaii was hardly true—he could afford to be there if nobody ever recognized his face again.

That same day the Linkletters drove to Sea Life Park, about 14 miles outside Honolulu, where Linkletter got a rare chance to show off in the element he takes to with such pleasure, water. The park was established by a young marine biologist and his wife as a combination marine laboratory and tourist attraction, and Linkletter has become fascinated by it. A couple of years ago, when he was on his way to Hawaii, some friends asked him to look over the park because they had been asked to invest in it and they wanted his opinion. The park still was being built when Linkletter arrived, but after looking around he told his friends that they should save their money. Not only did he think it was not going to amount to much, he thought it was too far from Honolulu to attract tourists even if the marineland show that was planned happened to be good.

On his present trip Linkletter had paid another visit to Sea Life Park, and he was amazed to see how many tourists were visiting it. He went inside and soon discovered why. The park was presenting an interesting marineland show. Unlike the typical professional and highly polished marine acts, at Sea Life Park spectators were shown how porpoises are trained to respond to underwater electronic signals. White-smocked attendants and trainers also spoke about the habits and peculiarities of porpoises, though they were obviously more preoccupied with training porpoises and studying them than they were with entertaining the spectators.

continued



Try them on for comfort! These new stretch slacks have "Lycra" spandex for revolutionary comfort-in-action! They *give* where and when you need it—then bounce back to perfect shape. And "Orlon" keeps them sharply creased, wrinkle-free. Snug-Duds about $12.95, Ivy model about $15.00 at fine stores everywhere. Ask for HAGGAR Slacks

DUPONT

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Linkletter was captivated and praised the show so much that the owners invited him to go swimming with the porpoises. He accepted, but he wanted a photographer along to make a record of the occasion. In his long career he had posed for every kind of gag shot imaginable, but this was the first time he had ever gone swimming with porpoises and he wanted to make the most of it. Now he had the photographer and was ready. As usual, a gaggle of excited tourists were trailing after him. Linkletter looked at the pool where a dozen or so porpoises were cruising around slowly with their fins out of the water. "Well, what do I do?" he said. One of the park biologists smiled. "Go into the water slowly and don't splash. They don't like a lot of commotion. Handle them gently, just as you would a young puppy."

Linkletter entered the pool quietly, and swam with slow, easy strokes toward the circling porpoises. "Are they rough, like sharks?" somebody asked.

"They feel exactly like a wet inner tube," the biologist said.

For a couple of minutes the porpoises made wide circles around Linkletter. Each time he tried to get close to them they shied away. Lois was taking motion pictures, and the photographer was clicking away busily with one of several cameras strung around his neck.

Linkletter stayed still, treading water, and the porpoises circled closer. Finally a few bold ones brushed him as they passed by. After a few more passes, they surrounded him completely—obviously enjoying it as he stroked them. Someone pushed a button giving an underwater signal, and the porpoises jumped into the air. After a while Linkletter was able to hold on to their fins while they pulled him around. By now most of the tourists had left the other exhibits and had filled the stand in front of the porpoise pool. They applauded and snapped pictures. Linkletter smiled the Linkletter smile, the porpoises porpoised around and Linkletter doubled his smile. But why not? He loves to swim, he loves to smile and he is never again going to have to beat an iron triangle to draw a crowd. END



Commercial artist Bill Carr

"I need money in the bank...not life insurance!"

"Then a MONY man showed me a plan to build cash . . . which I wasn't doing in this crazy art business!"



By [illegible]

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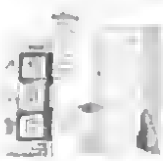
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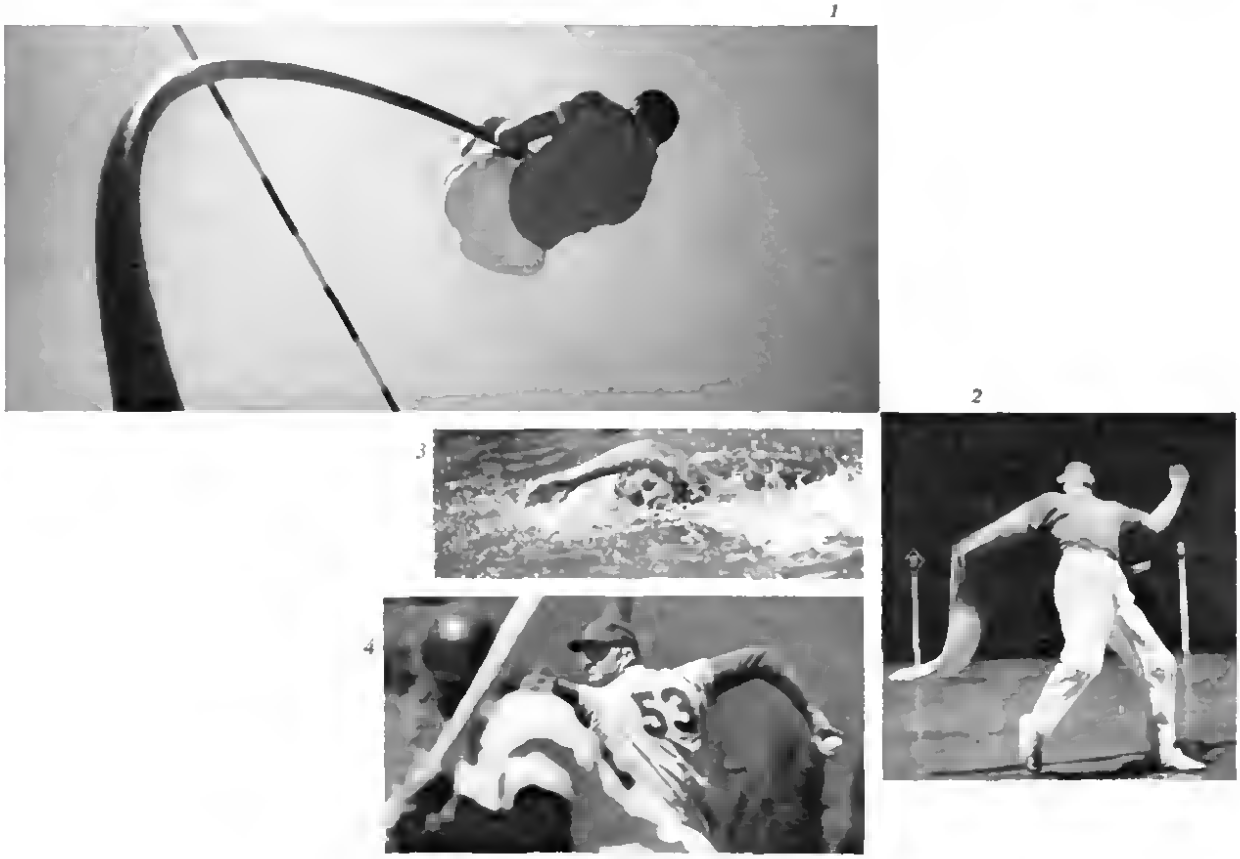
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STYLE

is a distinctive characteristic of the champion. It is intangible and sometimes indescribable. But it is always there—to be admired and respected by the discriminating observer.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED reports the style of champions in a style of its own, one reason why discriminating advertisers have made it 7th in advertising pages among the hundreds of magazines published in America today. **Sports Illustrated**



1. The wide curve of fiber glass pole adds style to style of New Zealand's vaulter Kevin Gibbons as he waits for snap to take him over (SI, February 25, 1963)

2. About to make a midcourt smash, this jai alai player displays a style as common to the game he plays as the skill it demands is rare (SI, February 19, 1962)

3. Californian Roy Saari, using long, smoothly balanced strokes, sweeps to victory in men's national championship 220-yard freestyle (SI, April 16, 1962)

4. Described as "all spikes, elbows and fingernails," the style of Dodger Don Drysdale demands anyone's respect, especially batters' (SI, August 20, 1962)

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—The ST. LOUIS CARDINALS defeated the New York Yankees four games to three to win the 1964 World Series (*page 36*).

In a pair of surprise announcements the day after the Series, JOHNNY KEANE, 52, resigned as manager of the Cardinals, and YOGI BERRA, 39, was fired as Yankee manager.

FRED HUTCHINSON, 45, manager of Cincinnati the past six seasons, resigned, and DICK SISLER, 43, a Red coach and acting manager most of last year, replaced him. Pittsburgh named HARRY WALKER, 48, the International League's Manager of the Year at Jacksonville, to succeed the retired Danny Murtaugh as manager of the Pirates.

BOXING—Second-ranked Middleweight JOEY ARCHER of The Bronx, N.Y., hammered out a 10-round majority decision over Dick Tiger of Nigeria, the former middleweight champion, at Madison Square Garden. It was Archer's 13th straight victory, extending his record to 44 wins against one defeat.

Left-handed Heavyweight KARL MILDENBERGER of West Germany knocked out Italy's Sante Antonil in the first of 15 scheduled rounds in West Berlin to win the vacant European heavyweight title.

FOOTBALL—NFL. Western Division leader BALTIMORE edged Green Bay 24–21 for its fifth straight victory when Lenny Moore ran for his second touchdown of the game with less than two minutes remaining (*page 34*). Earlier in the week the Colts had defeated St. Louis 47–27. Second-place DETROIT held Chicago to a net gain of one yard rushing in the first half and humiliated the Bears 10–0. LOS ANGELES mothered San Francisco 42–14 as Roman Gabriel passed for four first-half TDs (three to Bucky Pope) and the Ram defense intercepted seven passes for 314 yards and two touchdowns. ST. LOUIS and CLEVELAND continued to share the lead in the Eastern Division. The Cardinals defeated Washington 38–24 and the Browns edged Dallas 20–16. With 26 seconds left to play, the Cardinals broke out of a 24–24 tie on a TD pass from Charley Johnson to Bobby Joe Conrad and a 39-yard TD dash by Pat Fischer with an interception. The Browns came from behind in the final period when Bernie Parrish sprinted 54 yards to score with an intercepted Don Meredith pass. PHILADELPHIA outlasted New York 23-17, as Ollie Matson ran for two TDs (one for 54 yards) and Sam Baker kicked three field goals (45, 10 and 46 yards). Bill Brown scored three TDs (two on passes from Fran Tarkenton) to give MINNESOTA an easy 30-10 victory over Pittsburgh.

AFL. Unbeaten BUFFALO, the Eastern leader, won its sixth game in a row by crushing Kansas City 35–22 as Jack Kemp passed for three touchdowns (two to Elbert Dubenion, for 55 and 22 yards) and scored another on a one-yard plunge. Mike Mercer kicked a 38-yard field goal with five seconds remaining to give winless Oakland a 43–43 tie with second-place Boston. NEW YORK, after leading Houston 24–0 at half time, barely held on for a 24–21 win over the Oilers. Sparked by John Hadl's two TD passes, SAN DIEGO regained the Western Division lead by crushing Denver 42–14.

GOLF—Despite a one-over-par 72 on the final round, 24-year-old DICK SIKES of Cleveland, who joined the professional tour last June, won the $70,000 Sahara Invitation Tournament in Las Vegas by one stroke over Bill Casper. Sikes, the 1963 national collegiate champion from the University of Arkansas, had started the tournament with a record nine-under-par 62 on the first round, and finished with 275 for 72 holes. Defending Champion Jack Nicklaus ended up in a three-way tie for third with 277.

HANDBALL—Defending Champion OSCAR OBERT of New York rallied with nine straight points in the final game to edge Steve Sandler 18–21, 21–7, 21–20 for his fourth USHA National One-wall Singles Championship, in New York City.

HARNESS RACING—Unbeaten BRET HANOVER ($2.60), guided by Frank Ervin, sped to his 23rd straight victory—in the $22,208 Star Pointer Pace for 2-year-olds at Yonkers Raceway. The colt covered the mile in a fast 2:00⅕ to defeat Rivaltime by 2¼ lengths in the field of 10.

HOCKEY—The pattern appeared familiar after the first week of the season, as TORONTO (the 1964 Stanley Cup champions) and MONTREAL (the 1964 NHL champions) led the league with two wins and one tie apiece. Red Kelly returned from Tokyo (he was Canada's official observer at the Olympic opening ceremonies) just in time to sign a Maple Leaf contract and score a goal in a 5–3 win over the Red Wings and two goals in a 7–2 victory over the Bruins. Montreal Goalie Charlie Hodge, last year's Vezina Trophy winner, shut out the Rangers in the Canadiens' first game, and rookie Yvan Cournoyer, a hopeful successor to retired Bernie Geoffrion, scored a goal a game in a 2–2 tie with the Rangers and a 3–1 defeat of the Bruins. CHICAGO won two and lost one as Goalie Glenn Hall shut out the Bruins 3–0, and made 41 saves in a 4–2 victory over the Red Wings. NEW YORK scored four goals in the third period to win its first game 6–2 over the Bruins. After that the Rangers settled down to a shutout defeat and two ties. DETROIT, after dropping its first two games, defeated the Black Hawks 3–2 when Gordie Howe scored two goals and assisted on the third. BOSTON never did get started and sat in the cellar after four consecutive losses.

HORSE RACING—Wheatley Stable's 2-year-old BOLD LAD ($2.50), ridden by Braulio Baeza, romped to a seven-length victory over Royal Gunner in the $176,825 Champagne Stakes at Aqueduct for his sixth straight stakes triumph (*page 13*).

QUADRANGLE ($3.20), under Manuel Yeaza, led all the way to win the $54,100 Lawrence Realization Stakes by three-quarters of a length over Roman Brother at Aqueduct.

Stanley Conrad's 5-year-old mare, OLD HAT ($4.80), Donald Brumfield up, defeated Miss Cavandish by a length in winning the $58,800 Spinster Stakes at Keeneland, Ky.

Ridden by Ray Broussard, GOING ABROAD ($10.60), a 4-year-old carrying 116 pounds galloped to an American record 2:26⅕ in 1½ miles as he won the $57,900 Manhattan Handicap at Aqueduct.

MOTOR SPORTS—CRAIG BREEDLOVE drove his three-wheeled jet racer to a world land-speed record of 526.28 mph on Utah's Bonneville Salt Flats, escaped death when his car crashed into a canal after both braking and steering mechanisms failed (*page 72*).

ROGER PENSKE of Oladwyne, Pa., piloting a Chaparral-Chevy, defeated Dan Gurney in straight heats to win the $30,000 Pacific Grand Prix for sports cars in Monteres, Calif.

Ford Driver FRED LORENZEN of Elmhurst, Ill., who gained the lead with two laps to go when Richard Petty's Plymouth blew a tire, took the NASCAR National 400-mile stock-car race in Charlotte, N.C. with a record average 134.404 mph.

OLYMPICS—The U.S. dominated the first eight days of the Olympic Games in Tokyo, winning 29 gold, 20 silver and 19 bronze medals (*page 20*). Led by Yale freshman DON SCHOLLANDER who won the 100- and 400-meter individual freestyle races and anchored both the winning 400-meter and 800-meter freestyle relays, the U.S. swimmers and divers won 16 out of 22 events (Australia took four, the U.S.S.R. and Germany one apiece) and set 11 world records. The U.S. started off well in track by taking the sprints (BOB HAYES, 100 meters; HENRY CARR, 200 meters; MIKE LARRABEE, 400 meters); the hurdles (HAYES JONES, 110 meters; REX CAWLEY, 400 meters) and, for the first time ever, two of the long-distance races (BOB SCHUL, 5,000 meters; BILLY MILLS, 10,000 meters). In the field events Discus Thrower AL OERTER whirled his way to his third straight gold medal; DALLAS LONG took the shotput and FRED HANSEN finished first in the pole vault.

SIDEPOSTS—DIED JAMES B. DICKEY, 72, the president of the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association since last February, in a Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. hospital.

DIED GEORGE BRYSON, 51, broadcaster and telecaster of the Kansas City Athletics baseball games, after a brief illness, in Kansas City.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4—Tony Triolo. 20, 21—Neil Leifer TIME. 23, 24—T. Tanuma. 25—Richard Meek, Jerry Cooke. 26, 27—Jerry Cooke. 28, 31—Neil Leifer TIME. 32—Neil Leifer TIME, AP, 2—UPI, Keystone. 33—Keystone, 3 OPP (2), Eli Arlon, AP, Neil Leifer TIME. 36, 37—Tony Triolo, Herb Schorlmon (2). 38, 44—William R. Whitaker. 59—AP, Herb Schorlmon. 60—UPI. 66—Stuart Smith. 72—Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. 84, 85—Robert Wenzel, Black Star. 99—London Express (2), John Olsen, Portland Press Herald, Ashland Times Gazette.

FACES IN THE CROWD



DIANA THOMSON JONES, 13, British convent student, became the youngest rider to win the Newmarket Town Plate, the only recognized English race open to women, when she guided Stem Turn (owned by her grandfather, Stanhope Joel) to a 20-length victory.



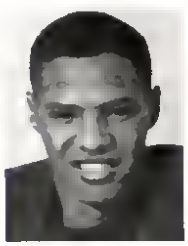
BERNARD DANIS, 37, a 5-foot-4, 130-pound Frenchman, became the first water skier to cross the English Channel on a kite. Towed by a boat powered with a 90-hp engine, he fell into the channel four times during his 2½-hour flight from Calais to Dover (27 miles).



ROSE RUSSELL, 37, a Scarborough, Me. housewife and mother who took up candlepin bowling six years ago when she gave up her career as a singer with a Portland band, bowled 1,235 for 10 strings (games)—a women's world record in sanctioned competition.



CRAIG CURRIE, 18, of Villanova, Pa., a sophomore at Williams College, pedaled to the National Intercollegiate Sprint cycling title in Flushing, N.Y., with first place in the 10- and five-mile races, and third in the 1,000-meter time trial and match sprint events.



ROOSEVELT ROBINSON, 17, a 6-foot, 182-pound junior halfback at Ashland (Ohio) High, gained 231 yards in 36 carries, and scored all his team's points—on five touchdown runs and four two-point conversion runs—in a 38–8 win over Mansfield Madison High.



BILLY FARRELL, 29, a Greenwich, Conn., golf club pro and the son of former U.S. Open Champion Johnny (1928), entered the Metropolitan PGA tournament for the first time and won the title by two strokes with his long and accurate drives, in Elmsford, N.Y.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SOCCO SOCCER

Sirs:

As a transplanted Limey let me heartily congratulate and thank you for a wonderful article, *Six Dreary Days—Then Saturday*, on English soccer (SI, Oct. 12).

I think that Jack Olsen captured absolutely the attitude of the average fan towards his favorite sport. Even the dialects were authentic to the last detail. The most vivid and realistic scenes brought back nostalgic memories.

PATRICK A. NUTI

Kennett Square, Pa.

Sirs:

Although you gave a good, thorough description of British soccer, you failed to mention that betting on the games in a special pool that pays off on ties is the real national craze over there. One man recently won $841,915 on a two-penny bet.

JACK HALLIBURTON

Los Angeles

Sirs:

Thanks a million. I listen to British football on the BBC on shortwave every Saturday, and I was very took on your surpassing article. After telling some friends about it, I was surprised to find that they bought your magazine just to have the football facts on Liverpool.

Congratulations on getting to a few Beatle fans.

VERNA JEAN BATES

Knoxville, Tenn.

Sirs:

At last SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has given us a definitive article on the world's most popular sport. Let us remind your readers that the game is played in the United States also by over 2,500 secondary schools, 600 universities and 5,000 amateur and professional clubs.

As the archdeacon of Westminster once said (PEOPLE, Feb. 24): "Do not despise soccer when thinking of the world's moral progress. It is a religious exercise, a ritual of high expertise and just to watch it is an exhausting occupation."

DEREK LIECTY

Oakland, Calif.

Sirs:

Although you generally seem ignorant of the fact that soccer is the world's favorite sport, you do a good job when you do write about it. Thanks for temporarily pacifying us soccer fans.

DAVID SMOYER

Cambridge, Mass.

HATISTICS

Sirs:

You said in your last issue, under a picture of Jim Bouton, that he had lost his cap 47 times in the third game of the World Series. As self-appointed Official Statistician in Charge of Jim Bouton's Hat, who kept count during that game—as I have done all season long—I would like to correct you. Jim actually lost the cap 37 times, surpassing his previous record of 20 (in 6⅔ innings against Detroit Sept. 30). Jim also has three other records concerning his hat. 10 times in one inning (the fourth in the third game of the World Series), six times on one batter (Sept. 30—the batter was Bill Freehan) and seven times on seven consecutive pitches (Sept. 30)!

DIANE GORODNITZKI

New York City

BRAWN AND BEAUTY

Sirs:

The fact that Dick Butkus is a great linebacker cannot be doubted (*Brute with a Love of Violence*, Oct. 12). However, is the University of Illinois running a football factory or an institution of higher learning? The day of the dumb football player is a thing of the past.

LIBBY HOLMAN

Worthington, Ohio

Sirs:

You say in your article on Dick Butkus that Pete Elliott "must be the handsomest coach in the business." Perhaps in college, but in the pro ranks I'll take Harland Svare of the Los Angeles Rams. As a single girl and an avid Ram fan, my enjoyment of the game is constantly enhanced by sideline glimpses of Svare, a gridiron Cary Grant.

HELEN R. WEISZ

Glendale, Calif.

FILLING THE VOID

Sirs:

Saturday's tough ones seem to get tougher and tougher. You twice picked the Oregon Ducks to lose to Pennsylvania teams, but they won anyway. Now you don't bother to pick their games at all. Actually, it's simple. Pick Oregon. If you need a comment, just say, "Oregon's Bob Berry can do more with a football than — " (Insert other team's quarterback in the blank.)

ROY BERG

Eugene, Oregon

WHO'S WHO

Sirs:

While I couldn't be more pleased with the attention given BGSU and its football teams under the leadership of Doyt Perry (*He'll Never Leave Ohio*, Sept. 28), I couldn't help but feel that some mention of Bowling Green's historically good basketball teams was missing. While we are justifiably proud of Eva Marie Saint and other notable alumni, so too are we proud of "Andy" Anderson and his basketball teams that produced over 500 wins for Bowling Green, with players like Don and Mac Otten, Charlie Share, Al Bianchi, Jimmy Darrow, Nate Thurmond and Howard Komives.

DONALD L. PACKARD

Evanston, Ill.

GROSS DISPLACEMENT

Sirs:

Your writers frequently indicate they have fallen for the NFL propaganda that pro football has displaced college football in crowd appeal. I expect, therefore, there will be quite a fuss about the NFL setting a new attendance record of 367,507 Oct. 4. Actually, the total attendance for the seven NFL games of that date was surpassed substantially by the attendance for seven college games the preceding day pairing the Big Ten teams or sending a Big Ten team into action against an exhibition opponent. Here are the NFL figures for Oct. 4: Cleveland vs. Dallas, 72,062; Philadelphia vs. Pittsburgh, 59,394; Baltimore vs. Los Angeles, 56,537; Detroit vs. New York, 54,836; Washington vs. St. Louis, 49,219; Minnesota vs. Green Bay, 42,327; San Francisco vs. Chicago, 33,132; for a total of 367,507 and an average of 52,501. Here are the figures for games involving Big Ten teams the day before: Ohio State vs. Indiana, 81,834; Michigan vs. Navy, 70,608; Michigan State vs. Southern California, 70,102; Notre Dame vs. Purdue, 59,611; Minnesota vs. California, 53,000; Northwestern vs. Illinois, 52,062; Iowa vs. Washington, 48,000; for a total of 435,216 and an average of 62,173.

STU BENJAMIN

Scranton, Pa.

LIGHT THROUGH HAZE

Sirs:

I was shocked to read in your magazine that rookies were being forced to tape the ankles of veterans as part of their "hazing" in the Giant camp (*The Makings of a New Pro Dynasty*, Oct. 12). Tex Maule should know better. First of all, hazing of rookies in our camp consists of performing in the annual rookie show—which was presented this summer while Joe Don Looney was at the All-Star camp. Secondly, since our staff considers taping ankles to be so important that they levy a fine of $250 on any who do not do so, it follows that this task is entrust-

continued

Sentry reports on why your competitor just bought a "package" of insurance



He seves time. His goil score hasn't improved, but he's getting in more preolice.

Like you, your competitor wants to spend all his time running his business. Not on petty details. But insurance details can swallow plenty of time. There may be 10 or 20 different insurance policies. Different companies and different agents. Too much paperwork.

So—your competitor bought a Sentry Business Insurance Package Policy. Now be handles all his insurance with one salesman and one check. And gets back to work. (He has more time for other things, too. Watch out for him on the golf course at your annual convention.)

Like you, your competitor worries. About prices, warehousing, payroll. About how to cope with you. He used to worry about that clutter of insurance policies in his safe. (Did he really have *all* the protection he needed?)

But now he's covered with a single Sentry Package Policy that wraps up just about everything in one master contract. He doesn't worry about insurance anymore. He knows he's protected. He has only one phone number to call for insurance help. Now he spends his worry-time planning what to do about you.

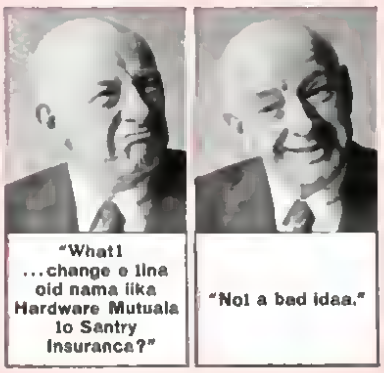
Like you, your competitor is crazy about saving money. You should have seen his beady little eyes light up when he heard the Sentry Package Policy could save him 15-20%. He got the idea in a flash . . . it's like buying insurance "wholesale", entitling him to a "wholesale" discount.

But—know what the old fox did? Instead of pocketing the savings, he used them to buy higher limits of protection. *Nothing* is going to wipe him out if he can help it.

Like you, your competitor is smart with his money. So, he pays the premiums on his Sentry Package Policy in level quarterly installments. He figures this conserves capital and makes insurance a budgetable expense. (That son of a gun.)



Ha seves money. You should heva seen his beedy iittie ayes light up.



Perhaps it's time you looked into the Sentry Package idea. Write for "Business Insurance—Sentry Makes It Simple". Address Sentry, Stevens Point, Wisconsin. Send for your copy and find out about the convenience, peace of mind and savings your competitor is getting. No obligation. We just tbougbt you ought to know.



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WELLINGTON MARA
Vice-president, New York
Football Giants

New York City

CHEW'N GUM AND CIGARETTES HERE!

Sirs:

Had I been born a cow I would be proud, but being born an American I am ashamed and disgusted with the entire Olympic administration that accompanied our athletes. I am referring to the very beginning of the Games, when the teams entered the Olympic stadium. In the very first row, before the Emperor of Japan and the eyes of the world, there came a lanky fellow. He was munching (on a piece of gum, I presume) so hard that his mouth opened up every second—a perfect image of a cow. No amount of gold medals can make up for such impropriety and barbarism.

TONY ROSSI

New York City

Sirs:

You mentioned that the miler, Peter Snell, works for a tobacco company (Oct. 5). Since he is a record holder the question that immediately comes to my mind, if not to a lot more of your readers, is, "Does Mr. Snell smoke the cigarettes of the company for which he works?"

JERRY FEDMAN

Tulsa

• No.—ED.

CAPITAL RACE

Sirs:

Congratulations to Mr. Charles Bang for his article, *One for the Book but Not in It*. Although it revealed a once-in-a-lifetime instance of a Thoroughbred beating a Quarter Horse in a quarter-mile match race, the author sufficiently explained the circumstances which permitted this to occur. The initial shock was further eased when the Quarter Horse was accorded his proper praise by the rival jockey in the final paragraph.

But why didn't you find it proper to capitalize the names of both breeds instead of only the one? Our continuity of thought was jarred each time we read "Thoroughbred" followed by "quarter horse"—somehow inferring a lower rank for the latter! The other breeds such as Appaloosa, Arabian, Palomino, Standardbred and so forth come in for their share of capitals, and if you will extend the same courtesy to the American Quarter Horse, the 300,000 or more registered owners of these gentle and highly useful animals in the United States and foreign countries will be most gratified.

MRS. V. E. QUAKENBUSH

Appleton, Wis.

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Football as a Form of Disorderly Conduct

On the vacant lots of suburban Minneapolis 30 years ago, the game lacked style and perhaps even sense—but it called for iron character, healthy lungs and certain improbable skills

by BILL MecKAY

Football as played today by 10- to 14-year-old boys is a continual source of wonderment to this veteran of the 1932–36 juvenile football wars. Modern youngsters look and act like pint-size versions of the Baltimore Colts. They wear plastic helmets and nylon stretch pants. They are superbly coached. And they frequently execute plays that would leave Y. A. Tittle frantically taking notes.

The game as we played it on the sandlots of suburban Minneapolis some 30 years ago lacked a measure of this surface glamour and polish but it had a lunatic skill of its own. Normally, for a routine pickup after-school game, all one required was a vacant lot, a football whose dimensions met certain minimum requirements (it had to be as long as it was round) and at least six willing participants. A team needed at least three players: one to center the ball with reasonable accuracy (no one in our group had yet heard of the T formation snap-back), a ballcarrier and a blocker. The blocker's sole responsibility was to run ahead of the ballcarrier making fearsome faces.

A major contest between two teams from different neighborhoods was something else. Return with me to Saturday, October 21, 1933, when the Hubbard Avenue Hornets and the Welcome Street Wallopers collided fiercely in their annual big game.

Several days earlier, in the gloom of the coatroom of Miss Clovestad's seventh-grade classroom, we—the Hornets—had won the toss to determine on which field the game was to be played. We promptly chose the Wallopers' home grounds. Does this sound like quixotry? Not at all. Our strategy virtually guaranteed us victory.

The Wallopers' home terrain severely hampered the running game. A 40- to 50-foot-wide building lot does not lend itself to sweeping end runs. Aside from that, the field was bounded on one side by a concrete sidewalk and on the other by a thorny hedge.

That left two primary ground weapons: the off-tackle play and what we called the center plunge. Running them was mere exercise when faced by only three or four defenders. In our traditional game with the Wallopers, however, two well-manned teams of 13 or 14 players each were to square off across the line. The carnage was sure to assume heroic proportions.

Shortly before 9 a.m. on Saturday, we assembled on the Wallopers' field. The casual passerby could not have told which team was which. The uniforms consisted of a loose gray cotton pull-

continued

over, referred to as a sweat shirt; a pair of trousers of the type now known as Levi's or jeans; and high-top rubber-soled canvas shoes.

Several players were equipped with heavy high-top work shoes, familiarly known as clodhoppers. They slowed a running back, but they had a way of keeping the defense remarkably honest. The prospect of getting clipped beneath the chin by a clodhopper made one extremely conservative about launching a flying shoestring tackle.

All but a handful of participants wore authentic Charles A. Lindbergh aviator's helmets. Since the Lone Eagle's historic flight only six years previous, most boys found it impossible to survive a Minnesota winter without one of the heavy fleece-lined leather headgears. Lindbergh's unconscious gridiron legacy undoubtedly prevented scores of split skulls and lacerated scalps.

Before the game we Hornets stood around in a loose circle, studying the Wallopers. They boasted some famous players. Their names were renowned and feared by 12-year-olds in other sections of town as far distant as 15 or 16 blocks.

There was Donkey Roberts, an enterprising fellow who had discovered that, without incurring more than nominal damage to his torso, he could knock a ballcarrier galley-west with a flying body block. The Roberts block tackle had been adopted by nearly everyone, but he was by all odds its most devastating practitioner.

There was also Jamie Rooney, a crafty Irish type and a standout defensive player. The general lack of protective gear led, quite naturally, to extreme prudence on defense. Rooney was adept at waiting until the ballcarrier was passing by, then leaping on his back. He was also the leading exponent of another admired technique, the horse-collar tackle.

We noted with ill-disguised glee that the Wallopers' great halfback, Pint Boone, was missing. Unfortunately, among those Wallopers present was Indian Joe, a wild and tricky runner whose touchdown output was prodigious. He was no Indian, but then neither was his name Joe. He owned a complicated Middle European name. But he was dark-complexioned and smoky-eyed, hence his nickname.

We had touchdown producers of our own, stars like Hugh Clausen and Sidney Pugh. Sidney is not a name to conjure up visions of broad-chested heroes, and his surname was pronounced exactly like the exclamation one makes when sniffing rancid chicken fat. Yet Sidney, in addition to being a frantic runner with a remarkable instinct for survival, was equipped with a fireeracker temper. We could always count on him for an additional touchdown or two whenever a member of the opposition imprudently made snide references to either his first or last names.

At game time the Wallopers stalled. They were short two men. But they became eager to begin when their ace, Pint Boone, appeared. Pint was scarcely garbed for football. He wore a new-looking sweater and corduroy knickerbockers. He explained disgustedly, "My ma made me go to piano practice."

Enter Mother

We kicked off. Pint Boone scored in three plays. We received and promptly fumbled. Pint scored again. We took the kick again, couldn't get our offense in gear and punted 17 yards downfield. Pint broke loose for another long touchdown run.

As we vented our frustration by attempting to bend him double in our end zone, the morning was rent by a cry of pure feminine anguish. Pint had gambled and lost. His mother, passing by with an armload of groceries, saw only that her son's Sunday-best clothing was being expertly dismantled. The mere sight of a minute hole in the backside of a pair of new corduroy pants could send even the calmest dollar-minded, Depression era mother into a broom-swinging rage.

"Donald Boone! You come home with me this instant." Despite this bitter blow, the Wallopers were committed to continue.

We Hornets, on the other hand, were so elated by the miracle that we braced on our goal line and quickly scored two touchdowns. The Wallopers now were leading 18–12.

The forced departure of Pint Boone was offset when we lost our star, Hugh Clausen. We were driving nicely for our third touchdown when a Walloper lineman pointed to Hugh's feet and hollered in choking disbelief: "Look, he's wearing spikes!"

Hugh, the only son of a professional man, owned more toys, games and sporting equipment than our entire neighborhood combined, and he had sought to gain additional broken-field running traction by donning baseball shoes. He was summarily banished.

The game wore on. We matched them touchdown for touchdown. Marty Norstad returned to our huddle and announced, "Goodpaster's got wooden legs or somethin'. I kick him in the shins and he just laughs." The Wallopers' Emmet Goodpaster had come up with a remarkable innovation. He had constructed an admirable pair of shin guards simply by stuffing magazines inside his knee-length stockings.

Play halted suddenly. Paul Rasmussen's father had been standing nearby observing us. Adults were not encouraged to hover about the sidelines at our games. They were a nuisance. We railed at Paul, "How'd he find out? Betcha told him." Rasmussen's father was an even graver threat to our peace of mind than most. He sometimes went so far as to offer advice to players.

The Wallopers were equally vehement. "Get him to go or forfeit the game." They were not being unduly nasty. The appearance of an adult could cause a game's speedy removal to another site, or even end it completely.

Paul sheepishly engaged his father in whispered conversation. Mr. Rasmussen strolled off.

The game ceased once more at the approach of the Wallopers' Bunny Kjeldahl. Bunny, or Bernard as he was known in school, was an undistinguished football player, yet the legendary Bronko Nagurski could scarcely have caused more excitement among us.

Bunny was wearing a complete football uniform, a supreme rarity. He announced that it had been bequeathed him by a former college star, a friend of his father's. The elegant golden jersey caused unabashed awe. It boasted a fierce red lion on its front, and we all envied Bunny. Our huddle reeked of sour grapes as we voiced dark suspicions that he suffered from an infirmity known as "chicken."

But the Wallopers rejoiced in Bunny's equipment. They thought it made them invincible, and they were pretty close to right. A team owning a real football helmet could hand it around the huddle to whoever had been elected as the next ballcarrier. This detracted from whatever slight deception the attack may have possessed. But it gave the ballcarrier extraordinary confidence. He saw himself,

grandiosely, as a human battering ram, immune to physical pain.

This terrible offensive weapon could be countered though. By begging or borrowing a pair of shoulder pads, one became a veritable defensive Goliath. Like the helmet, shoulder pads were passed around as needed, in a rough and ready sort of socialism.

But a whole football uniform! Our spirits quailed. Depression overcame us.

We became so unsettled that the Wallopers, with Indian Joe running wild, promptly counted three touchdowns. We were saved from complete disaster only because the football, an ancient heirloom, deflated in midplay with a sad sigh.

So routine was this that it caused no comment. Gus Dorais and the immortal Rockne had long since made a devastating weapon of the forward pass. To accommodate it, the football was becoming increasingly slim. But the balls we used were black with age, fat and stubnosed, relics of the dropkicking era. A football was a treasure handed down from older to younger brother.

We removed ourselves to the shady side of the hedge while Marty Norstad, a bicycle owner, unlimbered his tire-repair kit. We rested while Marty pedaled off to the nearest gas station to reinflate the ball. Football repair was a problem requiring foresight. It was considered prudent to have an in with a friendly shoemaker who, free of charge, would mend a torn seam. When laces rotted, we replaced them with a shoelace. When a ball was *really* old and no longer repairable, we stuffed it with rags.

During this enforced rest period, Horse Swanson rekindled Hornet morale by pointing out that the fearsomely attired Bunny Kjeldahl had been unable to wreak the havoc of which he appeared capable simply because he lacked the minimum ingredients of agility and courage. Horse clinched his argument. "Notice they don't let him carry the ball none."

Reassured, we stormed back. As we broke for lunch, the score stood at a respectable Wallopers 42, Hornets 36.

When play resumed at 1 o'clock we decided to vary our attack with the tricky hidden-ball play. The plan was to shove the pigskin up the back of the sweat shirt of Sam Dodd, who had replaced the departed Hugh Clausen in our backfield. As we all ran down the field like crazy, Sam was supposed to amble goalward down the sideline wearing a bemused

continued

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expression as if he had suddenly decided to withdraw from play.

Naturally, the play fell apart, as it usually did. The hidden ball required a boy with the nerves of a parachute jumper and the poise of a confidence man. It was necessary for him to stroll downfield with studied casualness while knowing full well that at any moment he might be belted unmercifully from the blind side by an opponent who had not been suckered by the stratagem.

As the afternoon wore on, play was punctuated by bitter complaints of limping ballcarriers: "Come on! Cut out the clipping, will ya!" Devotees of the Donkey Roberts block tackle were addicted to throwing it from the rear.

The game came to a temporary halt when Sid Pugh punched Jamie Rooney in the mouth. This led to several auxiliary scuffles. Sid accused Jamie of raking him across the face with his fingernails. "I'll probably get gangrene," he predicted, wiping his bleeding cheek with his grimy hand.

The fight hardly caused a ripple. Since there was no referee or other supervisor, general riot was always imminent. Common offenses included the usual tripping, elbowing, kneeing and kicking. These violations, along with refinements such as clotheslining with the forearm across the face, if perpetrated too often, usually brought the offender a clout in the teeth from his irate victim. On the other hand, techniques such as poking in the eye with a finger, if judiciously and infrequently employed, could in most cases be explained away as accidental.

At midafternoon, we Hornets could smell victory despite the fact that we stood on the short end of a 78–60 score. We were convinced that the home-field whammy was about to plague the Wallopers. Paul Rasmussen was most vocal. "Just watch. Every Saturday, Indian Joe's gotta sweep the basement. His old man'll call him. Just watch."

Paul's prophecy generated such wild enthusiasm in our ranks that we tried a forward pass. It was utterly foolhardy. The obese pigskin did not lend itself to throwing. Even the most expert 12-year-old could, at best, cradle it in his hand and push it forward erratically and inaccurately. The Wallopers promptly intercepted and lateraled off to Indian Joe. We trailed 84 to 60.

We got the touchdown back when Donkey Roberts waited until Sid Pugh was looking straight at him, then held his nose and made a distasteful face. Sid scored in two plays, and several moments later scored again. Score: Wallopers 84, Hornets 72.

The Wallopers picked off an errant lateral from Sam Dodd and scored. Not a whisper of criticism was leveled at Sam. The lateral pass was much esteemed, especially by cornered ballcarriers facing certain inundation.

The sun poised on the far horizon. Still Indian Joe was among us. We needed three touchdowns to tie, four to win. By common consent, the game would end when darkness prevented further play. Soon the shades of early evening began to fall and the dinner hour was close at hand. Indian Joe remained on the field. We waited to hear the bull-throated cry of his father, "Vladimir! You come home! Right now!"

In desperation, we scored again. It was slow, tough work in the twilight. Two touchdowns to tie, three to win.

We huddled, defeat surrounding us like a fog. We failed to see two Catholic nuns who had halted on the sidewalk.

"Vladimir Syczkronski," said the taller nun, staring hard at Indian Joe. "Jamie Rooney and Charles Roberts. You'll be late for the altar boys' dinner. Run along home, boys, and change your clothes." In one instant the Wallopers ball club had been ruined.

After that it was easy. We tallied as we pleased. Final score: Hornets 102, Wallopers 90.

You might think such grizzled veterans of the sandlot wars would have gone on to glory in the more effete form of the game known as regulation football. Not so. In high school not so long afterwards we went out for football as naturally as we breathed. We soon learned that the coaches—who wore clean sweat shirts that fitted and baseball caps and whistles on cords around their necks—were not looking for 125-pound sandlot whizzes.

Boys we scarcely knew, older fellows with muscles, who could run, pass, kick, block and tackle, were selected to play the tough, driving single-wing football.

So there we were. Neglected. Washed up. Has-beens at age 15. We sat around under shade trees on autumn afternoons like retired gladiators, reflecting on the days of our gridiron glory so recently vanished. END



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